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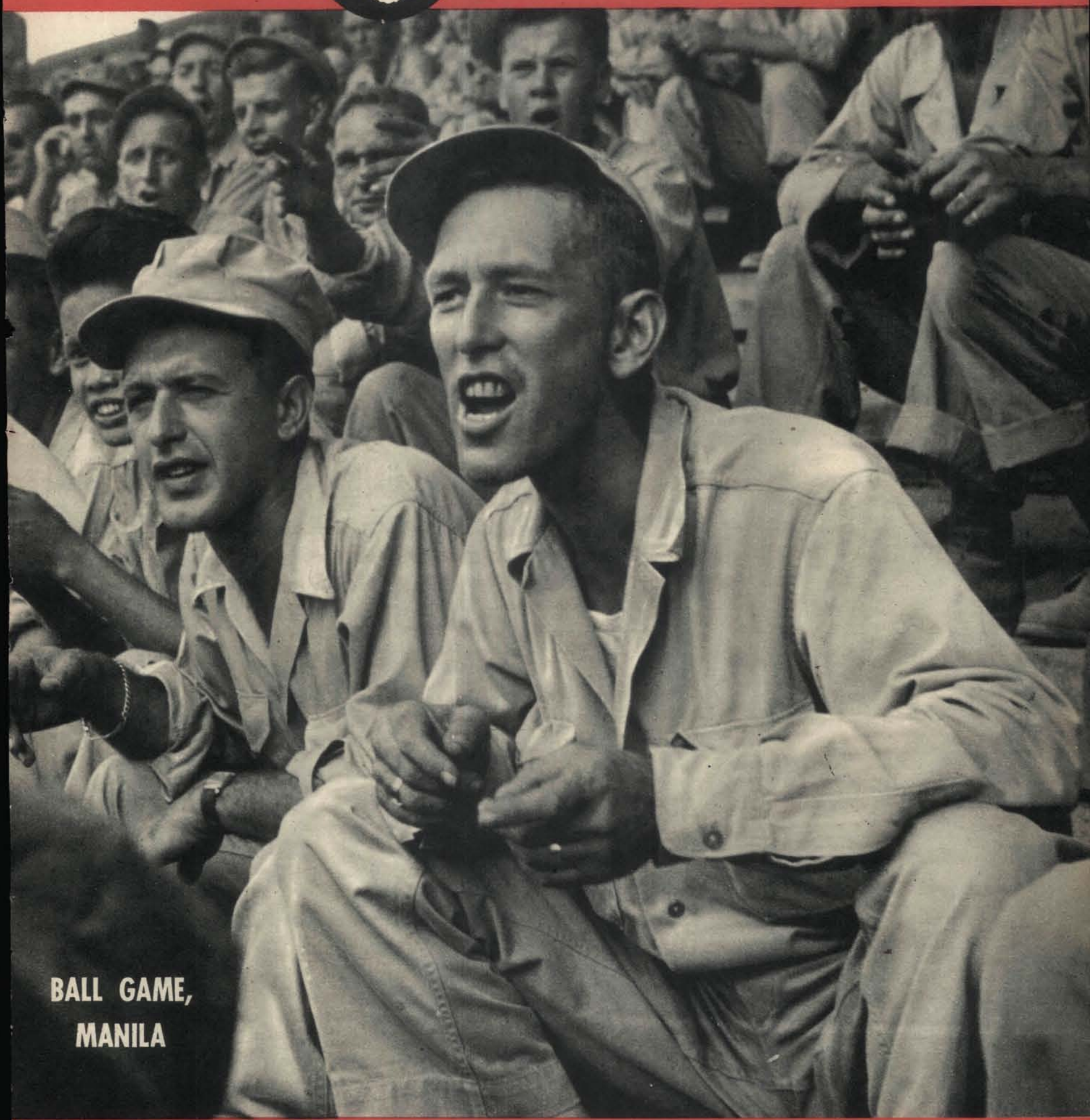

BALL GAME, MANILA

Germany — Morning After A Five-Year Bender

PAGES 2, 3, 4 & 5

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"Give me five years and you will not recognize Germany again" Hitler promised. The sign is in Cologne.

GERMANY'S STEEP ROAD

The land is scattered with the wreckage of the New Order that fell inward on its rotten core, and the remnants of the *Wehrmacht* come back to streets patrolled by Russian, Yank and British uniforms. Slowly, some Germans are learning of their past guilt and their present problems.

By Cpl. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

GERMANY—The people of Germany who once wanted the whole world now send their children into the streets to scrounge for cigarette butts.

Across all Germany the wreckage of the great cities entombs many thousands of hidden dead. Wreaths brought by friends lie in the rubble as faded memorials to those who died there. Sometime, months or perhaps years hence, the dead may be reburied, although bones are hard to recognize.

The cities stink in the hot sun. The smell seeps everywhere, into cloisters and vaults, and it is an ugly reminder of old fears and old miseries.

GIs with dirt-caked boots trample as conquerors through the Nazi shrines at Munich, Nuremburg and Berchtesgaden, where once Hitler, Goering and Himmler dreamed of conquest. The GIs ask one another why the Nazis, who had so much, did not stay at home instead of starting wars.

Germany in the summer of 1945 is a land of dead men, dead cities, dead hopes. A notice scrawled by a GI in chalk on the walls of the bombed *Gestapo* building in Nuremburg sums it up: "They asked for it and they got it."

The soldiers of the *Wehrmacht,* whipped and hangdog, come home. Many of them can find no home, only rubble, and they take to the road again, going from nowhere to nowhere.

The men of the *Wehrmacht* are dirty, and their green-gray uniforms are tattered. They walk bent forward, carrying their packs high on their backs, seldom looking at the wreckage that lines the streets.

They look with envy at the German civilians. Sometimes the civilians greet the German soldiers with cheers and waves. Usually the soldiers look the other way and do not acknowledge the greeting. Some of the soldiers seem ashamed that they have been beaten. Others seem resentful of the contrast between their grime and the laundered freshness of the people at home.

Somehow, despite living in cellars and bombed buildings, the German civilians have kept clean. The girls, in particular, look out of place amid the debris. They wear bobby socks and pigtails with gay colored ribbons. They wear thin dresses, and they are fond of standing in the sun.

The pinch is just beginning to hit the German civilians. They had been living for a long time off the fat of their looted neighbors. From France, Norway and other countries, they stocked their cellars and their closets. They acquired fine knickknacks. For a while, war was a lucrative business, like burglary.

Now the Germans can no longer obtain clothes, and food is hard to come by. There had been few cigarettes and virtually no candy for a long time, but there was adequate meat and plenty of vegetables and potatoes. Now, under the Allies, the food is more equitably and more rigidly rationed. People of suspect faiths, who did well to eat under the Nazis, now eat as much as other people in Germany. For thousands of families, formerly accustomed to favors, there is less food than before. Germans in most areas have a piece of meat as big as a nickel hamburger once a week, and they have a few ounces of butter maybe once a month. The lush pickings are over.

Allied rationing provides a maximum of 500 calories per day for the normal German consumer, compared with the 4,000 calories a day which the American soldier on strenuous duty is supposed to get.

As yet, the effect of this restriction is not evident on the Germans. They look healthy and well-fed. The real pinch will come next winter when the stolen stocks in the pantries are exhausted.

That is one reason why the Germans are eager to make friends with the American soldiers. The Germans have seen that the GIs are generous with their rations, and the Germans are old hands at eating other people's food.

Emotionally the Germans are numbed. For 12 years they had been stimulated with the heady tonic that they were born to rule the world. They watched their armies spread like a dark plague from the English Channel to the gates of Moscow. Now their armies are reduced to groups of stragglers, homeless on the countryside, and their convictions of superiority seem to have blown away with the walls of their homes.

The Germans appear to live in an emotional vacuum, by their own wish. They show no signs of thinking beyond tomorrow and tomorrow's meal. There was the time when they boasted: "Tomorrow the world." Now they are eager to grub a handout.

Bernhard Schaefer, a 52-year-old grocer of Cologne, presents a typical German attitude.

"Once we wanted glory," he said, "now we want only bread. The world has come down around our ears. We no longer know what to think about anything. We are too tired to think, and when we think, our thoughts are not pleasant."

The Germans know what hunger is. After all, for more than four years the Germans watched while the slave-laborers went hungry. The quest for conquest has become a quest for food and forgetfulness. The Germans apparently cultivate their short memories as some people cultivate gardens. They do not want their meals disturbed by memories of Dachau and Buchenwald.

This quest for forgetfulness must come easy. For 12 years the Germans schooled themselves in self-deception. Now in this summer of 1945, the Germans you meet in the shops and the street say again and again that they knew nothing of the tortures of Dachau and Buchenwald. Probably many of them did not. But all of them, since 1933, had seen Jews beaten, the unions crushed, the Communists killed, their Social-Democrat neighbors disappear, editors assassinated, priests hounded from the pulpit. They saw these things and judged it wise or convenient to look the other way.

The Germans learned early under Hitler that the penalty of protest was high. Some Germans of faith and courage did protest. They went to concentration camps. Many did not come back. Some of those who came back had been castrated. Some came back with their eyes gouged out. The Germans learned early to take a hint. Besides, times were good in those days. Everyone was busy making guns.

So for 12 years, the Germans practiced self-deception, as some nations practice frugality. It

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United Nations do not traffic in back - earn their way back into ir climb up that steep road, we carry guns. We hope that they will

KLIN D. ROOSEVELT, 21 October 1944

German citizens of Berlin gather around a U. S. tank of the 2d Armored Divisi

was easier, and safer, to look the other way. Now each German says he was not to blame for what happened. A few are arrogant, most are abject, but none displays a sense of guilt. The big Nazis blame the little Nazis. The little Nazis blame the big Nazis. The Germans who weren't party members say all they wanted was a little butter for their bread.

When the Americans first came, the Germans hid in their homes. They had heard Goebbels warn again and again that the Americans would murder the men and rape the women. Instead the Americans played with the German kids, looked wistfully at the German girls, and helped old Germans when their carts broke down.

Now the Germans have come from their homes, and the Americans can get a full look at them. It is a little disturbing to the GIs. Germans look like other people. Put them in Trenton, N. J., and you wouldn't know they were Germans.

Germans know how to work. They patch bomb-torn houses, tidy up cellars, shovel the wreckage from streets. In a matter of weeks, or sometimes days, they bring order, even neatness, to cities that were twisted masses of rubble.

Already the Germans are picking up the threads of their old existence. Some work in factories. They swim at the beaches. On Sunday they walk in the parks, carefully skirting the bomb craters. People get married.

The women stand in long lines before the German-owned stores. They show their ration cards and make their purchases with German money. Usually the stores have little to sell.

Most of the Germans had money in the banks, and many are now living off this money. Only a comparatively few have jobs. Those with neither money nor jobs appeal to the *buergermeister*, and the Military Government leaves it up to him as to how these people shall be helped. Most of the returning men of the *Wehrmacht* are forced to appeal to the *buergermeister* for money, and they do it sullenly.

The money and property of the Nazi leaders and the Nazi sub-leaders have been frozen. These Nazis can withdraw from the bank not more than 300 marks a month, with an additional 50 marks a month for each dependent up to four dependents.

In other words, a Nazi boss, or sub-boss, with four or more children, could have 500 marks a month. One mark is now equal to 10 cents in American money. This would give such a Nazi an equivalent of $50 a month. Most of the Nazis in this category are in Allied cages, and money is no longer a problem with them. They have bigger worries.

Most of the little Nazis are content to stay out of sight. Some have been returned to administrative jobs in municipal governments with the permission of the Military Government. In some cities, leaders of the Military Government have given the Nazis important jobs on the police force. The Nazis, it seems, make efficient policemen. They have carried clubs before.

There was the traffic policeman in Leipzig who shook by the collar an old man who was crossing a street on a bicycle. The old man said he was deaf, and did not hear the policeman tell him to

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stop. The people on the sidewalks beamed and nodded approvingly as the policeman shook the old man. They said to each other that this policeman would tolerate no foolishness.

The Germans have yielded to authority for a long time, and there has been only isolated resistance to Allied administration. An American sentry was found stabbed to death near Halle. A few Allied soldiers have been fired upon at night. In Bremen, an explosion destroyed a section of the police station, which also housed the Counter-Intelligence Corps and the Military Government safety offices. Six Americans and a larger number of Germans were killed. The explosion was attributed to a delayed demolition planted by Nazis. The police force, at the time of the blast, was undergoing a purge of Nazis.

In the Schleswig-Holstein area, 30 Germans were arrested for having arms in their possession. They face possible death sentences. Throughout Germany, 12 other Germans already have been executed for concealing weapons.

Authorities say there is no evidence of an organized Nazi underground. There are Nazi fanatics still loose who will sabotage and kill when they can. But the Nazi leaders are dead, in jail or missing; the people, for a while at least, are tired of war, and the Allies by execution and prison sentences have made it plain that they mean business.

WHETHER the German resistance could become formidable in the future, the Allied authorities say, depends on many things: how well we govern; how well we supplant the Nazi ideologies with new ideals; how well we control the fanatics and how effectively we get tough when toughness is necessary. The German people were taught for 12 years that the democracies are weak, and now they are watching for signs of weakness.

The German children watch the men of the *Wehrmacht* trudging back through the ruined cities; but the German children still play soldier. They build pillboxes and forts in the fields. When German boys go to the beach, they often march. They drill with broomsticks. They count boyish cadence. It seems incredible to the GIs, weary of discipline, but the Germans like to do things by the numbers.

Both the children and the adults still talk of Hitler. The Hitler legends, adroitly nourished by Goebbels before the Nazis came to power, still flourish.

There are many Germans, particularly those in Bavaria, who, denying they are Nazis, will attest fervently to their affection for Hitler. He was a good man, they say piously, who was misled by bad advisors. Most of these people believe that Hitler went into the streets of Berlin with the comely *fraulein*, Eva Braun, at his side, voluntarily seeking death and that they died together of Russian artillery fire. These Germans sigh gustily when they tell the story. Such Germans are suckers for any story that's hammy enough.

The people on the west side of the Rhine, around Aachen and Duren, doubt that Hitler is dead. They suspect he is in hiding. These people say that Hitler is a criminal. They express a preference for Goering. They say that Goering is an earthy, jolly fellow. You get the idea: whimsical old Hermann, the Coventry kid.

One reason why the people west of the Rhine look with apparent jaundice on Hitler is that they have been under Allied rule longer than any area in Germany. They suspect that Hitler may be through for good. Germans never did have much use for a loser.

In the last days of Hitler's regime, when the Nazi empire was collapsing under the great blows from the east and west, Hitler warned that he would leave the conquerers of Germany nothing but "rats, ruins and epidemic." For once, in a lifetime dedicated to lying, Hitler told a half-truth.

The ruins are there. The buildings lie beaten to the ground, or stand like gutted skeletons, street after street of them. Factories which once poured out a gushing stream of the tools of war now sprawl in grotesque heaps of blasted walls, bent girders, shattered machinery. It seems at first that all Germany is a demolished jigsaw puzzle that never can be put together again.

Yet closer inspection shows there are hundreds, probably thousands, of plants, big ones and little ones, and many more thousands of homes that were scarcely damaged, or damaged not at all.

The main Krupp plant at Rheinhausen, for example, is barely touched. The same is true of the great steel factory at Wetzler. Some factories already are producing in Leipzig.

There are tremendous stocks of many raw materials, particularly steel and aluminum. German industrialists are eager to get ahead with production, the production of almost anything. They say, and they wink knowingly, that they could forge fine weapons for the Allies to use against Japan.

It is a safe bet that the industrialists never will get the chance to make the guns. American memories are too long. The Germans have an unhappy habit of forgetting when to quit making guns.

So far, the resumption of work in factories has been slow, by necessity. It is a many-sided problem, complicated by inadequate and sometimes paralyzed transportation, shifting populations, equipment shortages, dozens of other handicaps. Anything resembling prewar living is a long way off in Germany. Some German economists say that it will not return for 25 years, maybe 50 years. In some cities it looks as though it would take 25 years to haul away the rubbish.

Hitler said that he would leave epidemics and rats. There are rats even in Frankfurt-Am-Main, where SHAEF Forward had been located, and where any but the most audacious, militarily discourteous rats would have been frightened away quickly by the shimmering brass and the impeccable braid.

There is also disease—the disease that follows rats, typhus.

Since the occupation began, there have been 11,234 cases in 254 communities in Allied-occupied areas. The disease has been most prevalent in the concentration camps and in the displaced persons assembly areas. There has been virtually no typhus among the Allied troops because of their "shots" and their relative freedom from disease-ridden lice.

New cases of typhus have occurred in only a few instances after Allied authorities took over in an epidemic area. Effective control of the disease has been maintained by delousing, isolation and immunization.

Typhus was under way in Germany before the collapse of the German armies. Spread of the disease was accelerated by the movement of displaced persons and political prisoners behind the German lines with inadequate medical control.

Allied medical authorities moved fast, and are pleased with the results. They say that the prospects for little typhus next winter — the real typhus season — are encouraging.

The prospects for crops are good, too. The harvest of wheat, barley and rye has started in some areas. The fields are abundant and well-tended, much like fields in Iowa and Kansas. Acreage is normal.

Women and children help with the harvest. Neighbors help each other. Occasionally a farmer or a horse will be blown up by a mine. The others become more careful, but the harvest goes on. The Germans are used to casualties.

Many of the Germans have gardens that the GIs call "defeat gardens." There are plenty of fresh vegetables. The vegetables are a boon to the Germans, with their reduced diet. The Germans worry and grumble some, about what will happen when the vegetables give out.

A Military Government official explained: "There is a lot of coal. We want the Germans to dig it. A healthy German who isn't starving can dig a lot more coal than a sick German. Our purpose is to produce more coal, not fat Germans."

THE Germans on the farms feel sorry for the Germans in the cities. These rural Germans doubt that some of the cities ever will be rebuilt. They think Germany will be a nation of villages and small towns.

The following summary indicates what the war has done to some representative German cities:

LEIPZIG—A few industrial plants are back in operation in Leipzig, manufacturing clothes and articles used for sanitation. None of the city's major plants has been restored to production. Leipzig is estimated to be from 25 to 35 percent destroyed. The pre-war population of 703,000 has fallen to 535,000.

The streetcars have been running since April 24, four days after the city was cleared of Germans. Most homes have electricity and gas. Fifty trains a day run into Leipzig.

There is a rumor among the GIs that in the famous Leipzig zoo the animals are so hungry they are eating one another. This is not true. The animals are eating horse meat and look well fed. Some citizens, afraid of going hungry this winter, favor killing the animals in the zoo and saving the horse meat.

MUNICH—In the long room in the *Fuehrer's* house in Munich, where Hitler, Benito Mussolini, Neville Chamberlain and Edouard Daladier signed the notorious pact of Munich, GIs hunch down in the upholstered chairs and talk about discharge points. At the table where Hitler, Mussolini, Chamberlain and Daladier ceremoniously affixed their signatures to a document that was to assure "peace in our time," Capt. Wade H. Logan Jr., commander of Battery A, 571st AA Bn, signs passes handed to him by 1st Sgt. Theodore Wrobel. The room is now battery headquarters, and the Americans there are more interested in going home than they are in rehashing what may have happened in this same room long ago.

Paint is peeling off the ceiling. An M1 leans against the fireplace, which has a bronze plate with "A. H." in 6-inch letters. Helmet liners are scattered on the chairs. The room next door, where Nazi henchmen waited Hitler's call, is now a GI barber shop.

Unofficial estimates place the damage in the

It's cleanup time in Aachen and this German housewife is having a thought about cleaning up her living room.

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center of Munich at 75 percent. The outskirts escaped with far less damage. The population has dropped to 600,000 from the pre-war figure of 800,000.

KASSEL—Kassel smells of death. There are thousands of persons still buried in the wreckage, trapped there when the air-raid sirens mysteriously failed to warn that the planes were coming.

The damage in Kassel is estimated at from 75 to 90 percent. The city's prewar population of 250,000 has shrunk to 80,000. The streetcars have been running since April 15, two weeks after the capture of the city. Most homes have electricity and water.

COLOGNE—A sign sticking from the rubble in the main street of Cologne states: "Give me five years and you will not recognize Germany." It is signed by Adolph Hitler. It is estimated that Cologne is 75 percent destroyed. The city's famous cathedral, only slightly damaged, towers high above the wreckage. The population of Cologne is 150,000, more than 600,000 under the prewar mark.

BREMEN—The port is being repaired to supply Allied occupation troops. The city itself is about 50 percent destroyed. The dock area and most of the business district are smashed. The population has fallen from 350,000 to 200,000. Deaths from bombing were estimated at 5,000.

BRUNSWICK—It is estimated unofficially that fewer than 400 buildings are undamaged in the main section of this manufacturing city. The great raids of October 1944 killed approximately 3,000 persons, with 1,200 casualties in one raid alone.

WHERE have the hundreds of thousands of persons missing from the cities gone? Many are dead; some are in the Allied cages as prisoners; many went to small towns in hope of escaping the bombing.

The refugees to the smaller towns are coming back now, some riding in wagons and some pushing wheelbarrows. Like the returning men of the *Wehrmacht* they find often that their homes are gone and their neighbors' homes are gone, too. Many times the neighbors are gone. There are wreaths in the rubble serving notice that some of the neighbors will not be back.

Can anything be done about expediting democracy in Germany? No one knows all the answers, but among the people who deal with the Germans the closest—officers, enlisted men, civilians, psychologists, doctors, interrogators, administrators, men in dozens of jobs—there is a surprising agreement on some points.

These men do not pose as experts. They base their opinions on their own experience of recent months. They don't pretend to have all the answers, or even most of them. But they think it would be plain horse-sense to review our handling of some German problems, and to try to correct old mistakes.

These men, usually interviewed one at a time, urged:

1. That the young Nazis be separated from the older Nazis in the Allied cages. The young Nazis often show unmistakable coaching by their older companions. Many Americans felt, further, that the ardor and stamina of the young Nazis brew dangerously with the cunning of the veteran party members.

2. That all effort be made to prevent any one German political group from monopolizing the administrative jobs in the cities. Liberal and left-wing groups in Germany voice increasing resentment against what they term the preference of some Allied officials for members of the Centrist, or right center, party.

3. That liaison be tightened between Counter-Intelligence and Military Government. One CIC officer told of being introduced to a man who had been chosen by the Military Government as *buergermeister* and finding the man was a former *SA* captain whom he had been hunting for two days.

4. That the Allied participation in the re-education of Germany be assigned to the highest-type men and women available, even though they must be persuaded and pressured into taking these hard jobs at a sacrifice. The Americans who were interviewed emphasized that the Germans, through schools, newspapers, radios, all media of information, must not only be told the truth of what is happening in the world—they must be told, simply and effectively, of what has happened for 12 years. "If hacks handle this job," said a Military Government man, "then we're wetting away whatever chance there is to make decent human beings out of the Germans."

5. That amplification be made of the American economic policy in Germany. Many American officials seemed unclear on how far they should proceed in permitting factories to reopen, and what factories would receive priorities—particularly factories owned by proved Nazis. Until now the Allies have been occupied largely in getting the necessary utilities back in business.

6. That more stringent precautions be taken to keep Nazis out of administrative jobs, or any kind of jobs, in the municipal governments in Germany. And that no Nazi ever be appointed unless there was no other qualified man for the job. Many Americans close to the situation felt that the U. S. had lost stature in its advocacy of democracy by turning to the Nazis for help in some cities.

These were on-the-spot opinions by men trying to do a job. The final answers will be written much later, by historians.

The sun slanted down on the people gathered silently in the park, and etched the lettering on a gray tombstone, which seemed oddly out of place amid the pleasant trees. The inscription on the tombstone stated: "Here lie seven victims of the Gestapo. This memorial recalls Germany's most shameful time, 1933-1945."

A gaunt man with a lined face stood beside the heaped mounds of dirt, looking at the people who stood before him. Beyond the people and all sides of them sprawled the bombed buildings and the bomb-pitted streets of Cologne. The man was Hermann Ziller, an anti-fascist. He had just come home to Cologne, back from Buchenwald Concentration Camp.

"No man," said Hermann Ziller "knows the identity of the seven persons buried here. They were found tortured to death at Gestapo headquarters. Now these people have been brought here for decent burial, as a living reminder of the depths to which our people have sunk."

Hermann Ziller was pale and grave as he made his speech in the park, and he spoke very slowly, as though he wanted every word to be simple and plain.

"Too many Germans watched the horror grow and did nothing," he said. "We were saved at the last by men of good will from other lands. It may be that our people will be hated wherever they walk for half a century to come.

"Yet before we Germans are doomed forever as outcasts unfit for the company of good men, I hope that the people of other lands will remember that the risks of fighting Hitler were torture and death. This is a hard choice to make. Let men of all lands search their own souls—would they have risen in their own countries against their own leaders and risked beatings, castration and death?

"As an old anti-fascist, as a fighter for the people, I made no excuses for the shame of Germany. Too many of our people did not stand up when the time came to be counted. The people of Germany must admit this shame to themselves, and only then will they be ready to start the road back."

GERMANY in the summer of 1945 is a guilty land trying to hide from its own guilt. Freed Russian slave laborers ride through the broken cities, red flags rippling from their trucks. The Russians sing their hoarse marching songs, and raise their right arms, their fists clenched. When the Russians do this, the Germans look the other way.

Germany is a land where Hermann Ziller, a man of good will, walks side by side with German women who once came from their homes and threw scalding water on American soldiers wounded in the snow.

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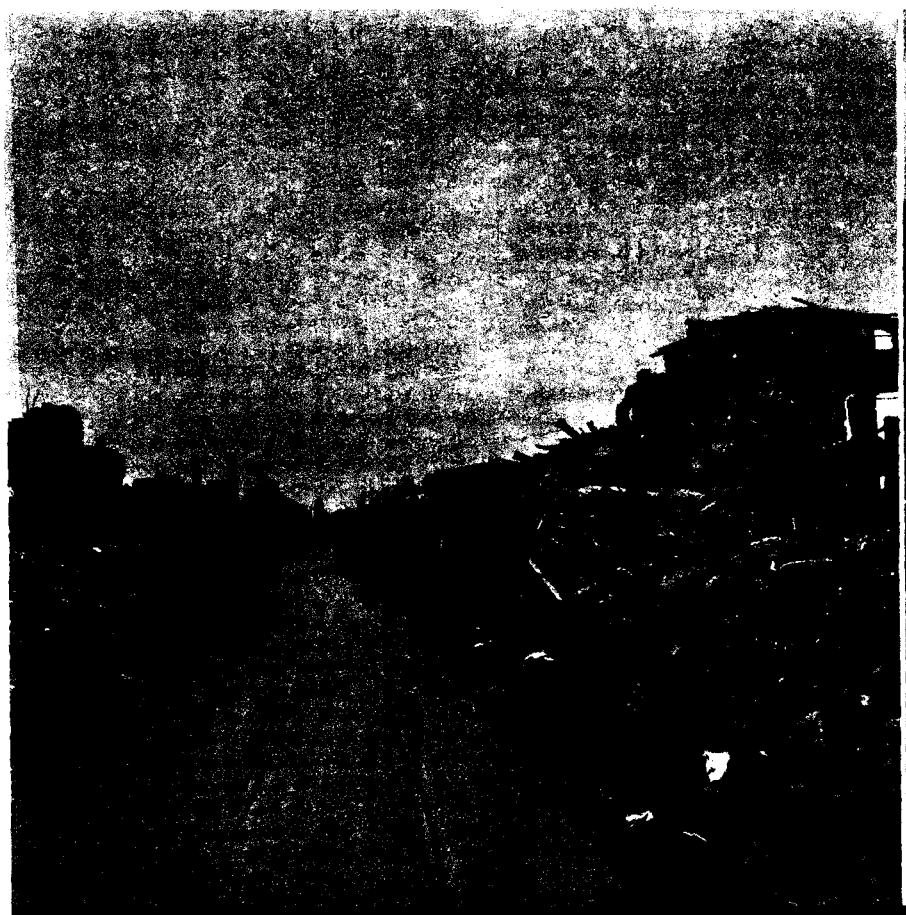
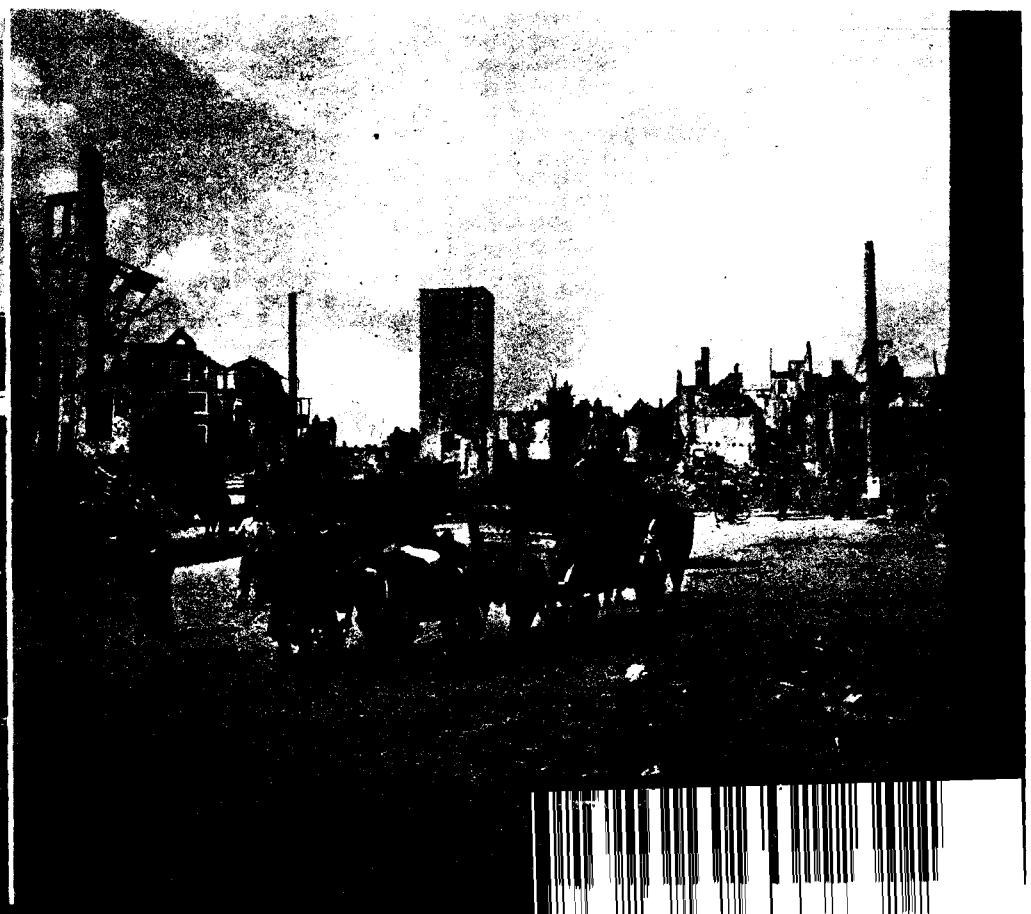


This is in Duren. Some Germans wonder if Germany can ever rebuild her cities.



German families come back to the cities from

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Rescue from Shangri-La

A Wac corporal, a tech sergeant and a looey survived a plane crash and spent 45 days in Dutch New Guinea's Hidden Valley before their rescue.

By Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

HOLLANDIA, DUTCH NEW GUINEA — Life went out of its way to copy a grade-B movie when a C-47 of the Far East Air Service Command crashed in the Oranje mountain range here, killing most of its crew and passengers and leaving for survivors only 1st Lt. John McCollom of Trenton, Mo.; T/Sgt. Kenneth Decker of Kelso, Wash., and pretty Wac Cpl. Margaret Hastings of Oswego, N. Y. Perfect ingredients for a boy-meets-girl-meets-boy triangle in Shangri-La.

From the crash on in, however, the scenario refused to conform to pattern. The sergeant did not try to shoot the lieutenant nor did the lieutenant attempt to strangle the sergeant in the dead of night, all over the affections of Cpl. Hastings, pleasantly nicknamed Suzy. As a matter of blunt fact, Suzy was sick as a dog from burns suffered in the crash and there was nowhere for her to get either the sarong or the permanent that are necessary to the proper Hollywood treatment. And she and the sergeant (he was also also burned severely) and the lieutenant, when they weren't occupied in such prosaic tasks as nursing each other, bent their full efforts toward getting the hell out of their made-to-order Technicolor setting.

The valley where they landed was, in the first place, something of a mystery. It was marked UNEXPLORED on the maps and had been first observed from the air by Col. Ray T. Elsmore of Palo Alto, Calif., a command pilot who passed over it while making a survey flight. Photo squadrons followed hot upon Col. Elsmore's heels to find out more about the new territory. Their observation showed that it was heavily populated, by natives smart enough to have drained swamp areas and cultivated reclaimed ground. The valley, complete with villages and scattered native huts, proved to stretch about 20 miles long and four wide. It lies beyond the hump of the Oranje Range at an altitude of about 5,000 feet.

Stories immediately sprang up about a lost civilization. The natives were supposed to be 7 feet tall and almost white. In spite of the rough flying conditions, more and more planes went out to have another look at the hidden valley and make their own guesses at its true story. The C-47 that crashed was on one of these trips.

Decker, McCollom and Suzy were all in the rear of the cargo compartment when the plane began to act up (a mechanical failure was later blamed for the crash). It tangled with some tree tops, smashed into the ground and burst into flames. Decker, McCollom and Suzy were the only ones who managed to struggle clear of the burning wreckage. Still dazed—Decker and Suzy were badly burned—they went back to the burning plane and pulled clear two other Wacs, both beyond the meager aid the three earlier survivors could give them. They died on the tarpaulins where Decker, McCollom and Suzy had laid them after dragging them from the plane.

And Decker and McCollom and Suzy were alone beside a charred C-47 in a valley marked UNEXPLORED on all the maps.

Lt. McCollom had managed to save some morphine (quickly exhausted on the two Wac fatalities) and some hard candy and 13 canteens of water from the wreck. They stuck by the spot where they had crashed for the first two days while Decker's and Suzy's burns healed somewhat. The second night they heard natives calling to each other near them and they reviewed in their minds the rumors they had heard about head hunters in the valley. It rained all Monday night, and Tuesday, the third day, they set off to see if they could find a clearing lower down the valley where they would stand a better chance of being spotted from the air. They moved slowly and ate their hard candy.

"First we ate the red ones," says Decker. "Then when we got tired of them we ate the yellow ones." They heard the natives again Tuesday night. It wasn't until Wednesday noon that they hit a clearing 2½ miles from their starting point. The trip had taken them a day and a half.

AN hour after they had spread their life raft tarps on the ground a B-17 spotted them. It dropped two life rafts and flew back to Hollandia to report the location. And Decker, McCollom and Suzy celebrated on hard candy and water.

Shortly after their discovery from the air, they were discovered on the ground—by natives. The natives were neither head hunters nor 7-foot white giants. They were short and black and shy and they understood sign language well enough to light a fire for the GI trio and to put some sweet potatoes and bananas to roast in the coals. Then it began to rain. Decker, McCollom and Suzy crawled under their tarps and the natives took off—with their bananas and potatoes.

The next morning a plane returned to drop medical aid, supplies and a walkie-talkie. With the radio set communication was established between ground and air, and the survivors in the valley were able to learn the plans Hollandia headquarters was making for their rescue. An afternoon plane dropped enough equipment to stock a small country store—lipstick and bobby pins for Suzy, shoes for all three, more batteries for the walkie-talkie and other equipment.

On May 18, five days after the crash, two medical aidmen of the First Filipino Reconnaissance Battalion parachuted down to join the Hidden Valley three. They brought with them another 2,000 pounds of equipment and supplies. The aidmen, S/Sgt. Benjamin C. Bulatao of San Francisco and Cpl. Camilo Ramirez of Ormoc, Leyte, treated the wounds of the survivors and fed them 10-in-1 rations. They fixed up a place to sleep that would protect all of them from the weather. Suzy would rather talk about the two aidmen and what they did than about any of her other experiences in the Hidden Valley.

Two days later Capt. Cecil E. Walters of Portland, Ore., jumpmaster of the First Filipino, and eight volunteers landed in the main valley, 10 miles from the temporary camp of the five. He and his men set up a base camp and connected with the walkie-talkie network. Then, leaving three men in charge, they took off to find Decker, McCollom and Suzy and the two aidmen.

They ran into natives on the way and the natives were delighted to see them. Capt. Walters was charmed by their friendship until he realized that there was something familiar about the sign language they were using. They were making "indecent proposals" under the false impression that Capt. Walters and his men were a group of fair-skinned maidens. The GIs had to drop their pants to clarify the situation.

"It was the first time," says the 6-foot-2-inch captain, "that I ever had to do that to prove I was a man."

It took the party three days to cover the 10 miles. When they reached the survivors and the aidmen they set up more elaborate quarters and renamed the site the "recuperation camp." The party remained there for some 25 days and what Suzy remembers most is her boredom. She says she doesn't know whether she got on anyone else's nerves, but everybody sure got on hers.

Not much exciting happened in the 25 days. The walkie-talkie network was busy with plans for getting the party out of the valley. A 220-pound newsreel cameraman named Alex Cann dropped in by parachute. Planes continued to bring supplies.

A partial list of the supplies dropped into the valley included these items: tents, mosquito bars, cots, signal panels, 20 pairs of shoes, 300 pounds of medical supplies, 14 pistols, six tommy guns, 3,000 rounds of .45 ammo, coffee, bacon, tomato juice, eggs, pineapple juice, 75 10-in-1 units, machetes lap-laps for the natives, clothes for the survivors including scanties for Suzy, stoves, canteens, water, gasoline, 75 blankets, magazines, rice, salt, mail and 21 flags, 20 wooden crosses and one wooden Star of David for the graves of the crash victims.

By June 15, Suzy's burns were sufficiently healed for her to attempt the trek to the base camp. The entire party packed up and took off.

The walkie-talkie network was set to humming again with the word that all military personnel in the Hidden Valley were now ready, willing and able to get the hell out of their alleged Shangri-La.

By this time Hollandia had decided that the only way to get them out was by glider pick-up. Glider specialists had been collected from all over the theater. The party in the valley set to work clearing a 400-yard glider strip, burning the brush off and marking it.

ON June 28 a glider, christened *Fanless Faggot* for the benefit of newsreel photographers and reporters, was towed off to the hidden valley. It made the clearing and the landing strip all right and from that time on the performance became a publicity program worthy of Grauman's Chinese.

The sky bulged with planes and the planes bulged with photographers and correspondents and curious observers. The radios crackled with drama that any network writer would have given his eye-teeth to write. There was a question about making the glider snatch. Was the weather good enough? The traffic pattern was widened to allow more room for the pick-up plane. (After all, if the snatch was a failure, it would be most disappointing to the correspondents and the photographers and the observers). The sky over the pass was closing in. Now the Hidden Valley party was filing into the glider. At the expected landing point of the glider a welcoming committee of generals, MPs, medics and other GI Grover Whalens was already assembling. Another delay: the strip was soft and some of the glider's load had to be removed. Another 10 minutes passed.

And then a C-47 went in for the pick-up. It was a clean snatch. The *Fanless Faggot* came off the ground smooth and sweet and Col. Elsmore's voice was heard over the walkie-talkie net. "Boy-oboyoboyoboyoboy!" he was saying.

The two planes landed at a strip about quarter of a mile away from where they were expected and the generals, and other welcoming officials had to hurry over to catch the first words of the survivors as they got out of the glider.

After 45 days in Shangri-La, Sgt. Decker said, "I want a shower." Lt. McCollom said, "I want a shave." And Cpl. Margaret (Suzy) Hastings said, "I want a permanent."

Hollywood would have done it so much cuter.

Cpl. Margaret (Suzy) Hastings

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Employment in the manufacturing end is due for a postwar nosedive, but there will be openings in other phases of the business.

By Sgt. SANDERSON VANDERBILT
YANK Staff Writer.

WHAT'S the deal on jobs in aviation after the war? From Scotland to Saipan GIs whom the Army has taught to repair, maintain and fly planes are figuring that they ought to be able to carry on in civilian life doing the same sort of work they've become expert at in uniform. And for real dough, too, these hopeful Joes are likely to reckon in their rosier pipe dreams—$75 a week, maybe, or even $100, instead of Uncle Sam's lousy chickenfeed.

Well, the best thing for such optimists to do is to take a cold shower, drink some black coffee and sober up, because the chances are that things aren't going to work out that way. Not if the Civil Aeronautics Administration in Washington knows what it's talking about, and it has been doing some plain and fancy checking on the situation. The picture, as the CAA sees it in the light of its checking, has its bright spots, but it also has some pretty black ones.

AVIATION JOBS

Briefly, the setup seems to be this: The airplane industry—that is, the business of building what it takes to fly—is due for one of the biggest tailspins in manufacturing history, but partly making up for this, there should be a considerable increase in the use of planes for a variety of new purposes, thus providing employment for more pilots and maintenance men than ever before in peacetime.

First off, here's the bad news, and hold onto your hats because it's about as easy to take as a haymaker. According to the CAA, some students of the subject think we will be lucky if as much as 2 percent of the present plane-manufacturing industry keeps going after the war. Right now it's doing 20 billion dollars worth of business a year. If the 2 percent boys are right, it will wither to a $400,000,000 industry hiring a mere 50,000 persons.

Two percent may be too pessimistic a figure, and J. A. Krug, chairman of the War Production Board, thinks it is. But even he doesn't expect that more than from 5 to 10 percent of the industry will survive.

There's one big "if," says the CAA, that might give the industry the shot in the arm needed to prove these gloomy prophets wrong. The "if" is the possible sudden development of an inexpensive, practical plane that anyone could fly—a sort of aerial Ford. This might be a helicopter or it might be something of an entirely new design. The likelihood of a new plane's making its appearance is obviously unpredictable. As for helicopters, although their development is coming right along, the general belief seems to be that they won't be ready for widespread use for another five or 10 years.

So when it comes to applying for a job at an airplane factory, it looks as if the air-minded veteran might just as well save his shoeleather. The big opening for him, the CAA thinks, is probably going to be in industrial flying; in fact, the boys in the know say they wouldn't be surprised if more than 90 percent of all postwar employment connected with aviation were in this field. Here are some highlights of the industrial flying setup:

The CAA regards flight instruction as a potential source of "steady employment in a moderately active market" and adds: "As private planes become easier to fly, the flight instructor will probably change into a salesman-instructor who will teach each purchaser as part of the sales contract."

As the CAA dopes it out, quite an increase may be expected in aerial photography and charter flying, both of which were good sources of business before the war. Improved photographic equipment and experience gained by the services in aerial reconnaissance should increase the efficiency of commercial air cameramen and thus create a wider demand for their services in surveying, map-making, soil control and so on. Along with a stepped-up demand for charter planes, rent-a-plane service, which was just getting going before the war, will presumably develop into quite a thing, come peace.

TRANSPORT of light freight by air is a business that is really going places, the CAA thinks. "There will be greater possibilities here than in any [other] commercial transport field," it states flatly. Perishable foods will probably constitute an important part of this traffic. For instance, a converted war cargo plane could load up with oranges in Florida, fly them to New England and go on to deliver a shipment of Maine lobsters to some midwestern city, all in the same day.

Most GIs, if they play around at all with the idea of going into postwar aviation, probably think first of the commercial passenger lines, but if you take the CAA's advice you'll think of something else because your chances are apparently going to be pretty slim in that direction. "It is evident, and airline officials emphasize this, that the airlines will not be big employers after the war," is the blunt way the CAA puts it.

The "most optimistic" estimate places the maximum number of airline planes that may be in operation on commercial passenger runs during the first five years of peace at 1,000. These would need 6,000 to 8,000 men as flight crews and 23,000 men on the ground—plainly no great shakes as a source of mass employment, especially since many of the jobs will be filled by former employes of the airlines now in uniform.

The CAA foresees many jobs for pilots in a number of more or less novel fields. Take aerial agriculture, for example. A "considerable increase" is expected in the use of planes to dust and spray crops against insect pests with the help of highly effective new poisons developed for war. Rice is already being planted from the air and grains probably will be soon. Burned-over rangelands are also being reseeded by plane.

Hunting coyotes, wolves and other animal pests from the air, first practiced as a sport, has recently been converted into a profitable enterprise. Strafing such critters pays off handsomely in bounties, and there's a bonus in it if you feel like skinning them and selling their pelts. Commercial fishing fleets are likely to use planes to help them spot schools of fish and there's the possibility that conservationists will use flyers to stock remote lakes with fingerlings, which is the piscatorial way of saying baby fish.

Aerial fire-spotting in timber country is relatively old stuff, but it has developed some new wrinkles lately. Fire-fighters are now flown to forest fires and parachuted to the ground, where they are given radioed directions and supplied with food and equipment from the air. Regular inspection by low-flying planes of the nation's thousands of miles of new oil pipelines laid during the war is also in the cards.

The CAA has cooked up a plan of its own which, if Congress should give it the green light, would more than double the number of airports in the nation and provide operational jobs for 63,000. At the present time there are about 3,000 airports in the U. S. and the CAA's project, which would be financed in part by Federal funds, would boost this number to 6,305. Most new fields would be small ones for private flyers. On the average, each would require 10 employes.

"Airport management and maintenance has new importance in the aviation employment picture," says the CAA. "The old slip-shod methods can no longer survive. Airports must adopt business principles comparable to those in older and established businesses. Cities will need airport managers and fixed base operators will need pilots and mechanics."

So that's how things stand at the moment. It's not the whole picture, of course, but probably enough to give you an idea of which way the wind is blowing. Here's the cautious note on which the CAA winds up:

"The desire of the aviation industry to offer jobs to veterans and others who plan a career in aviation must be considered with the understanding that the industry cannot possibly maintain employment approaching the present level after the war. However, thousands, including many women, will withdraw from work; thousands more will go back to their own true trade which has been eliminated during war; many civilian commodities which are almost extinct at present will siphon off other thousands. As always, a man with ability, ingenuity, good judgment and ambition will find his natural place in the work for which he is best fitted."

Let's hope.

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e Sultan holds court in what serves as his palace.

This is Sumangsang, the Sultan's body guard.

Sultan

hese are some of the ladies of the Sultan's household.

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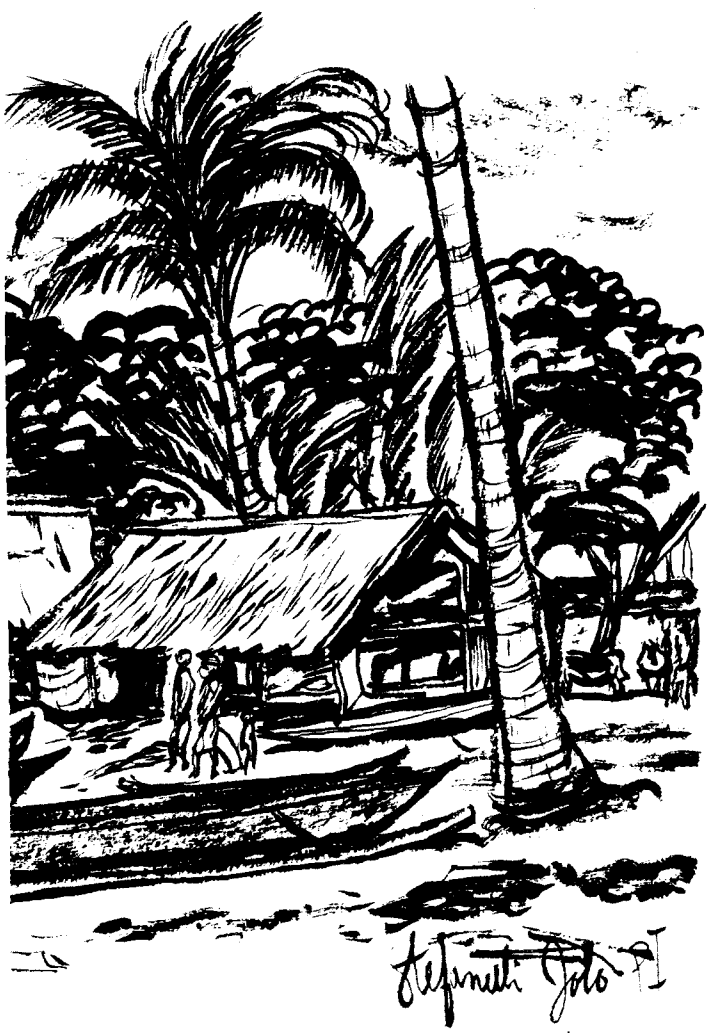
CPL. Joe Stefanelli, YANK staff artist, made these sketches on a visit to the Sultan of Sulu, Moro potentate with headquarters on the island of Jolo, which is part of the Sulu Archipelago in the Philippines. The Sultan, known to his subjects as Muhammad Janail Abirin II, has been a Moro big shot since early in the century when he fought as a general against the Americans. But times have changed. During the Jap occupation the Sultan thought very kindly of us. Though he didn't declare war on the Japs he passed the word around to his warriors that the more Jap heads lopped off the happier he would be. The Moros took his suggestion. When 41st Division GIs liberated Jolo they saw the proof in the form of Jap heads wrapped up in banana leaves and kept for the occasion.

And times have changed in other respects. The Moros don't all file their teeth anymore and some of them even wear western clothes. The Sultan is a chain smoker. The Americans have come again and perhaps the Moros will take on more western habits. But the Sultan says the Americans played square by him and he's for them.

Moro warriors like this one sliced off some Jap heads.

# of Sulu



A Jolo village with fishing boats beached in foreground.

The village *barong* maker. A *barong* is a Moro knife.

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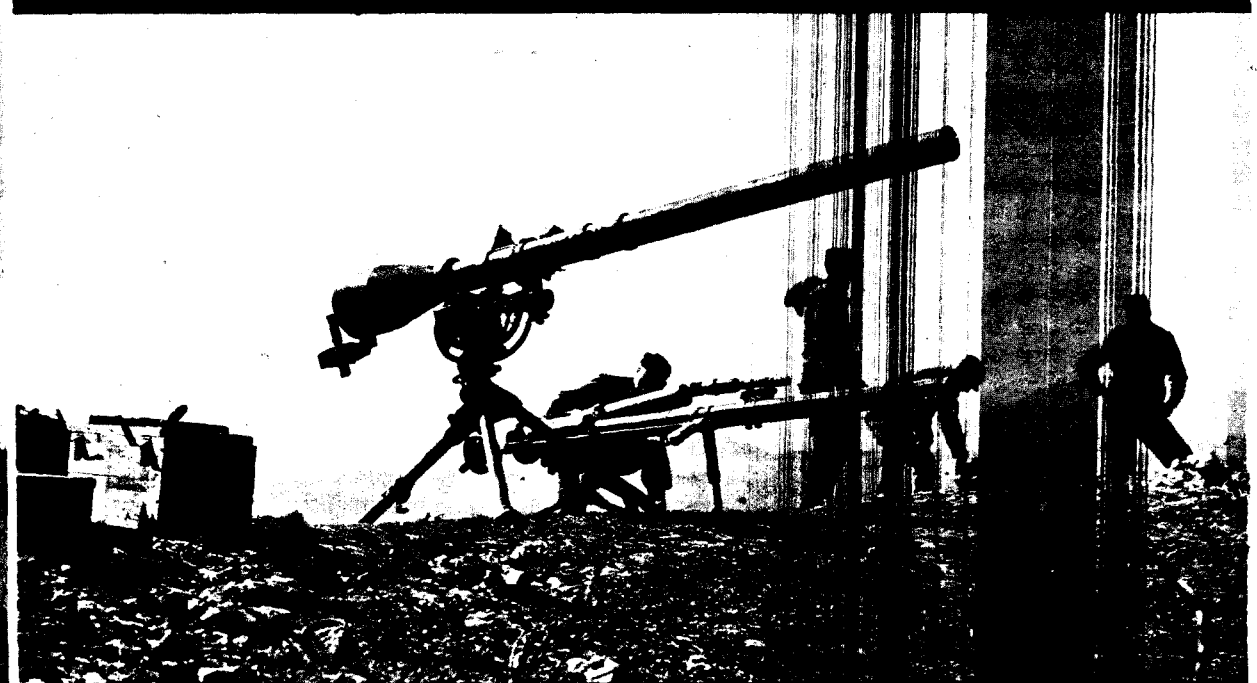
RECOILLESS RIFLES

ORDNANCE has developed field artillery you can pick up and carry. The reason these guns are so light, the 57-mm weighing 45 pounds and the 75-mm 100 pounds, is that with no recoil it is unnecessary to have a heavy recoil mechanism, carriage, or even a heavy breech block. Breech pressure is almost non-existent, since a part of the propellent gases is released through openings in the breech. This eliminates the recoil because the force required to drive the shell through the rifled gun tube is exactly counterbalanced by the gases emerging through these openings. Soldiers must keep clear of the breech when firing to avoid the rearward blast. The shells fired are normal artillery shells except that the cases are perforated to allow the escape of the propellent gas. The 57-mm can be fired from the shoulder while the 75-mm is fired from a small tripod. The 57-mm fires a 3-pound H.E. shell two miles and the 75-mm fires a 14-pound shell more than four miles.

75-mm recoilless rifle is mounted on a machine-gun-type tripod. Note openings in breech and optical sight.

75-mm on rack to show lack of recoil while firing.



The 75-mm and 57-mm recoilless rifles and a 4.2 inch recoilless chemical mortar are demonstrated in Italy.

Shell with its perforated case is loaded into 57-mm rifle, which is on a bipod.

How you can carry the 75-mm. One man has the tripod, two others the barrel.

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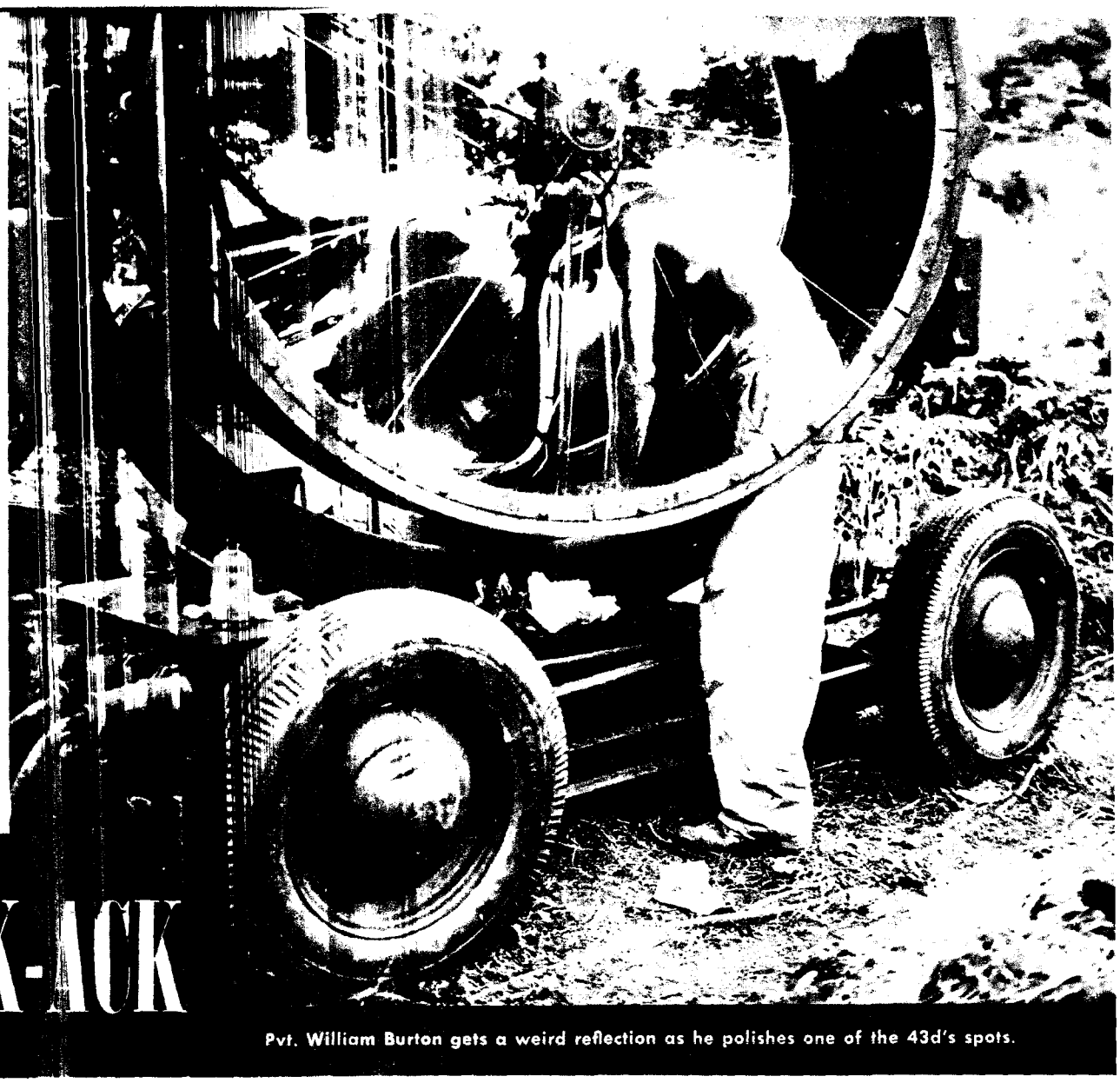
FLEXIBLE ACK-ACK

Both the big mirror reflectors and the Bofors guns of the 43d Division anti-aircraft found new jobs to do in the last days of the Philippines fighting.

By Sgt. JOHN McLEOD
YANK Staff Correspondent



Pvt. William Burton gets a weird reflection as he polishes one of the 43d's spots.

WITH THE SIXTH ARMY, THE PHILIPPINES—The sunsets of the Manila Bay area are red, gold and blue, and, if you are in the proper frame of mind, they are a wondrous thing to behold.

Not in that frame of mind and not enjoying the sunset were two 43d Division machine gunners, Pvt. Richard Smith of Maricopa, Calif., and Pfc. Elmer Shelby of Denison, Tex. They were sitting in a hole scratched on top of a chalk hill near Ipo Dam in the Manila watershed district.

The sunset meant only to them that it would soon be pitch dark. There wouldn't be any moon that night, and it would probably rain. They wouldn't be able to see anything—including Japs—more than a foot away from their faces. It meant another in the long succession of nights when they couldn't get any sleep, when a Jap grenade might land in their hole any minute, when they were afraid to leave their hole for a second for fear if a Jap didn't shoot them one of their own buddies might.

The sun sank behind the mountains to the west, and the light faded to darkness. A slow, misty drizzle began to fall.

But then something happened, and light appeared. The two gunners looked at each other in amazement, then looked around.

Somewhere behind them searchlights were clicking on, one after another, until there were 16 of them in a semi-circular radius behind the 43d Division's perimeter, slanting their 800-million candlepower beams into the clouds over the battle area. The light from the beams, reflected down on the area from the clouds, flooded the whole front with light as strong as that of a full moon on a cloudless night.

"That first night the lights came on," Shelby recalled later, "we didn't sleep much, but that was just because we were so excited by it and talked all night about it. Somebody should have thought of using searchlights a long time ago. We had a lot of trouble with men going off their nuts on New Georgia. The lights would sure have helped there. Now we can tell whether some shape out ahead of us is a Jap or only a stump."

Smith thought the most important things were that "a fellow can get up to take a stretch now without being afraid one of our own guys will shoot him, and we can take turns on guard and some of us can sleep."

From that first night until the Ipo Dam was taken, the 43d Division was supported by 16 of the 60-inch searchlights of reinforced Battery A of the 227th (Moonlight Cavalry) Searchlight Battalion. A 30-man patrol from Easy Company of the 169th Infantry credited the light with saving their lives, by silhouetting Japs who attempted to surround them and cut them off in a ravine. The 172d Infantry praised it for helping them repulse night *banzai* charges.

The Field Artillery liked the light because it made working the guns easier when you could see the shells and breech, and medics said it cut the time needed for night litter hauls by at least 60 percent. A 43d Division staff officer summed it up: "At first I thought the proposal for using the lights was a lot of monkey business. Now I am sold on the searchlight for use as a weapon against the Japs."

The men operating the searchlights had never had any practice in this sort of thing at all. The British used the night-lighting technique, which they called "artificial moonlight," successfully in Holland, but against the Japs it was comparatively new. Working in support of the infantry, the searchlight crew kept its lamps burning all night except for the few seconds required once an hour to change the lamp's carbons. In previous stations at Hollandia and Lingayen, the battery, working strictly as AA defense, had never kept its lamps on for more than half an hour at a stretch.

"They just told us to set up the lights for this, and we did it," the battery's CO explained it. "Made the first reconnaissance on a Tuesday, and we were operating the next Saturday night."

The lights, placed several hundred yards apart, are not dug in to any extent. The men were expecting plenty of trouble from Jap artillery fire and night infiltration attacks, but so far they haven't had any.

Since the lamps are set up in defilade behind a hill, it's hard for artillery to get the exact range. And as for night infiltration, apparently with the countryside lighted up the Japs have been unable to work through the infantry's perimeters to get back to the big tents.

Acting squad leader Cpl. Dominic Montamino of Ozone Park, N. Y., offered one idea toward local defense to which the men at his position had given some thought.

"If we saw 'em sneaking up on us," he said, "we could turn the searchlight right on them and blind them."

Just as the searchlight battalions ran out of orthodox missions to perform, so did the ack-ack boys in the automatic weapons and gun battalions. In fact, some of the latter outfits have been converted into trucking and MP units.

It is only natural, then, that when the Infantry runs into targets that seem just the meat for a gun with a high velocity, a flat trajectory and a rapid rate of fire that the ack-ack battalions should be called in—especially when, as in one urgent case in Northern Luzon, field artillery ammunition was running low, and there seemed to be more AA ammo stacked around than anyone knew what to do with.

The AA 90s have been used in the Philippines in support of the Americal Division at Cebu as well as with I Corps' 37th Division near Baguio and the 25th Division at Balete Pass.

The antiaircraft artillery's flat-trajectory guns are especially useful in direct fire against cave positions because they can shoot straight into the mouths of caves, whereas the field artillery's howitzers, the shells of which lob from the gun mouth to the target in a high arch, can seldom do better than place their load right outside the cave entrances.

The only ack-ack outfit that was trained and equipped for something like the kind of ground support work it is now doing is the 209th AAA Automatic Weapons Battalion (self propelled). The "self propelled" is the important part.

The 209th was reorganized and equipped at Finschhafen, New Guinea with half-tracks especially mounted with Bofors 40s and quadruple-mounted .50s. It was designed for mobile anti-aircraft protection for fast-moving units. It made the Lingayen landing on S-Day and rolled down the central Luzon Valley with the 37th and 1st Cavalry Divisions, guarding such valuable objects as bridges on the way. It got in its first fire fight with Jap ground troops while supporting the 1st Cav. in fighting in the Novaliches watershed district outside Manila.

Once the fighting there died down somewhat, the 209th was put on the move again and it speeded north. Some of its units were with the 32d Division blasting away at Jap positions on Yamashita Ridge, which commands a long section of the bitterly contested Ville Verde Trail in the Northern Luzon mountains.

The 209th's half-track-mounted Bofors and .50s strafed away at the ridge while the division's artillery pounded with its howitzers. It doesn't make any claim to knowing for certain how many Jap positions were knocked out by the lighter guns and how many by the artillery.

"All we know," explained S/Sgt. William L. Powers, 112-point platoon sergeant from Ferndale, Mich., "is that for certain we got two Japs we saw digging over there in a camote patch. Other than that, we just blast away at anything we think looks like a target, or anything some patrol out on the ridge thinks we should shoot at. Then we hope for the best."

Sgt. Powers said he reckoned most of the men in his outfit would just as soon not stay attached to the infantry all the time but would like a crack occasionally at some kind of guard duty in a civilized area.

"As for me, though," he said, "I don't like that garrison stuff. I'd rather get shot at once in a while than stand another full field inspection."

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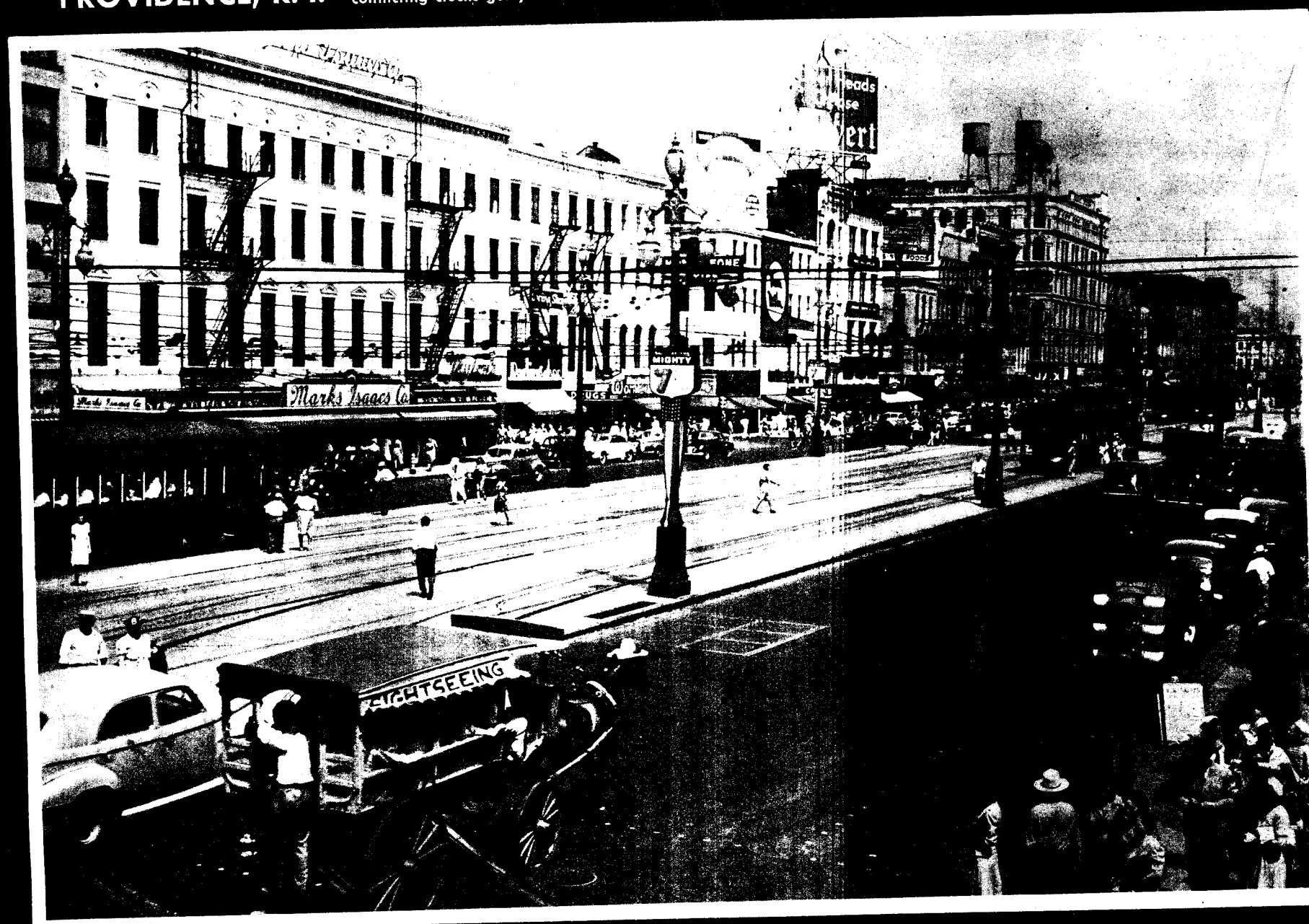
PROVIDENCE, R. I. A few summer shoppers were looking for bargains when this picture was taken. It was in the afternoon (don't let the conflicting clocks get you in a lather) and the camera was pointing down Westminster Street toward Dorrance Street.



NEW ORLEANS, LA. Here's a familiar sight for both residents and passers-by. It's Canal Street of course, looking from the intersection of Carondelet. The picture was taken at 1:30 P.M. just before the photographer stepped into the sightseeing wagon.

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EVANSVILLE, IND. Those two girls were headed for YANK's photographer who was innocently taking a picture of Main Street from the corner of Second Street. In March a fire had gutted Strouse Bros., Evansville's oldest clothing store, at right.

TULSA, OKLA. It was early afternoon out in Tulsa, "Oil Capital of the World," and it was raining. There weren't many people on South Main. Some of them were headed for the Majestic Theater, this side of Palace Clothi

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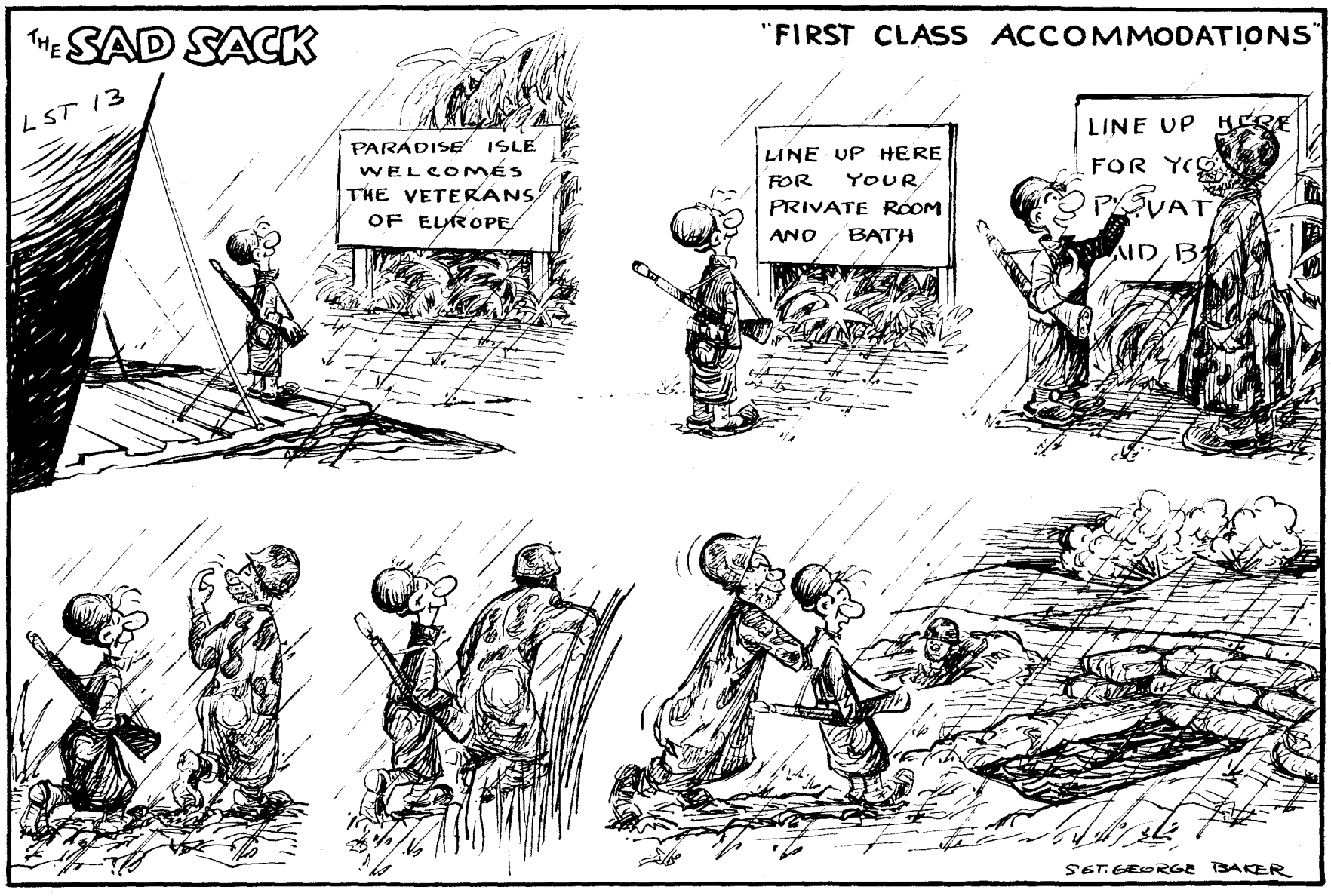

FREE 'EM ALL!

By Cpl. LEN ZINBERG

ITALY—A new fellow recently came into our outfit. He was a thin pale T-5, with a gentle hazy look about him. He hardly said a word, and when he did speak, his voice was soft as church music.

The first time he came into the day room, the lads as usual were beefing about the point system. A chubby sergeant from the Bronx named Tommy Carr was saying, ". . . and what gets me is this stuff about they asked the GIs before the point system was approved. I'd like to meet one GI they asked. Just one!"

"They asked me," this T-5 said mildly.

Everybody turned to stare at him. "You mean they really asked you?" Carr asked, his voice heavy with awe . . . and beer.

"Yes they did," the T-5 said. "I was in the hospital with a chronic case of the GIs when one night I was aroused from my sleep and I saw an angel standing before me."

"An angel?"

"Well, he was an old man all in white, sharp white horns on his head, and a lot of gold and silver hash marks on his sleeve. He said to me, 'Son, we're getting up a system for releasing the men. Do you think the first ones in should be the first out?'

" 'I certainly do,' I answered.

" 'And overseas men should be released first?'

" 'But positively.'

" 'And combat men should get out before anyone else?'

" 'You bet.'

" 'How about married men?'

" 'Let them out.'

"He was writing this all down in a gold book. Then he asked, 'How about the older men? And guys with kids?'

" 'Let 'em go. The big and the tall and the small . . . free 'em all.'

" 'Thank you, buddy, you've been a great help,' this old guy said and suddenly he vanished in a cloud of sulphur smoke."

"Sulphur smoke and horns . . . you sure he was an angel?" Carr asked.

The T-5 said, "Tell you the truth, I got washed out of Air Cadets because I was color blind. Maybe it was red he was wearing. But he talked to me." The T-5 blinked at us mildly. "Honest, fellows, that's how it was."

SGT. CARR took a firm grip on his cigar, ran to the CO and said, "Captain, we got a guy here who was actually questioned as to what he thought would be the best system for releasing the men. One of *those* guys they talk about in the booklets explaining the point system."

"Impossible!"

"It's the truth, sir," Carr said. "I hope to throw away this cigar if it isn't."

"That's enough for me. Good God!" the CO yelled, leaping into action. "Hold him, don't let him out of sight!" The CO grabbed a phone and called higher headquarters. In a matter of seconds, a cable was sent to Washington, and by noon the next day the T-5 was on his way to Washington in a special plane.

I understand he's been permanently assigned to the Smithsonian Institution, where he has taken his place alongside the first model of the telegraph, the Wright Brothers airplane and other museum pieces.

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PX

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"Well, now where did Old Frog Voice go?"
—Cpl. Bob Schoenke, Ellington Field, Texas

SONG FOR AN OLD LOVE

"Tears are so corny," you once said, and I
Agreed. When love was done, that would be that!
We very aptly mentioned fools who cry
When milk is spilled. Then, would I tip my hat
If we should meet, by chance, some other May
As casual friends. I'd murmur, "This is great,
You grow, my sweet, more lovely every day."
And you might ask, "Haven't you put on weight?"

No tears for us, the calm, experience-wise
Ones who would clasp Love in a time of need,
Then cast aside the dead thing. Recognize
An ending for an ending. This, a creed,
That, very young, we learned to understand.
Strangely enough, it happened as we planned.

East Kelly Field, Texas —S/Sgt. JOSEPH R. E. PAQUIN

Julian Finds a Home

JULIAN CORNWALLIS walked out of the office building, flanked smartly to the right and, with precise 30-inch steps, started his two-mile road march home. It was 5:30, the end of another busy and successful civilian day, but Julian, in his camel-hair topcoat and Harris tweed suit, was not a happy man. He longed to be back in the Army.

Arriving at his parents' home, Julian stood on the porch a minute listening to the sounds of domestic activity within. He could hear his mother and sister in the kitchen, blending their voices in a stirring rendition of "What D'Ye Do in the Infantry?" In the back yard his father, preparing for retreat, growled commands at the family dog. Must remember to promote those two—the dachshund to pfc and his father to corporal.

Julian walked into the hall and put his hat on the desk that faced the door. It was a very simple desk, bare except for a couple of wire baskets labeled "In" and "Out" and a little sign that said, "Lt. Julian Cornwallis, Commanding Officer." The walls of the hall were covered with training memoranda, and over the staircase there was a large poster map of the house. The room plans had various inscriptions; "Training Area 2" was the guest room and the basement was labeled "Infiltration Course."

As he changed into his uniform, Julian wondered what he'd have the troops do that evening. Though he was generally satisfied with the way the family had worked into a military routine, they needed more training. The argument he'd had with his father about the monthly physical inspections would never have occurred in a first-class outfit. He could still hear his father complaining, "Now look, Julian, I know you rank me, but don't you think you're carrying this a bit too far? After all, I'm 68 years old."

His father, mother, sister and dachshund came to attention quickly when he entered the kitchen. They did it very precisely, and Julian was pleased. In an unpremeditated burst of generosity he said, "As you were. We'll dispense with retreat today. It looks very much like rain."

They all cheered, and the dachshund broke ranks.

"Now let's not be too hasty," Julian commanded sternly. "There's a problem for tonight, the night infiltration course, in fact."

Their faces fell. His sister looked up with pleading eyes and said, "But I thought—"

Julian cut her short. "Remember, Pvt. Deborah, we're in a war. Besides you as a private are not paid to think."

Julian's mother was operations sergeant. She held the rank of staff. Julian turned to her and asked, "Anything new to report, Sergeant?"

"Nothing flashy," his mother replied. "We followed the regular schedule. Oh, yes, before I forget, there was a message for you from the Legion. It seems they're showing a Signal Corps film this evening — something about trigger squeeze."

"That is interesting," said Julian. "I think I'll go see it—might give me some new ideas." Then in a chastising voice, "Why didn't you tell me this earlier, Sergeant? You won't keep those stripes long if such inefficiency continues."

His mother looked hurt. "I'm sorry. It'll never happen again."

They sat down to eat, mother, father, sister and dog sitting at the large kitchen table, while Julian sat slightly apart at the officer's table. His father called over to him, "Begging your pardon, sir, if you'll be away for the evening, how'll we manage the infiltration course all by ourselves?"

"Oh, that," Julian thought for a moment. "I guess we can postpone the infiltration course till tomorrow. You may go on pass tonight."

Noticing the look of absolute joy on his sister's face, he added, "Care and cleaning of equipment before you leave, though."

As the days went by Julian became more and more strict. He held a standby inspection of the reservation, gigged his father for needing a shave and restricted Deborah because her skirt was too short.

The family became respondingly sullen. They had never expected this. They had thought Julian's flair for military life would pass as soon as he got used to being out of the Army. Angry, whispered conversations in the ranks became more frequent.

"He won't even let me sniff a cigar," Mr. Cornwallis would complain.

"But the magazines say you should humor the servicemen," Mrs. Cornwallis would reply.

"The magazines be damned! I want to sniff at a stogie," Mr. Cornwallis retorted bitterly.

The dachshund gave up on the fifth day and went AWOL with a blonde cocker-spaniel.

Finally, after a particularly hard workout on the obstacle course in the backyard Mr. Cornwallis decided that he could take it no longer. He tried to tell this to Julian, who just snarled and ordered him to fall back into ranks. So that evening Mr. Cornwallis took off. He came back in a couple of hours with a smug look of satisfaction. When Julian questioned him, he refused to explain his absence. Even the month's hard labor that was his sentence did not dispel his good humor.

One afternoon about a week later Julian was sitting on the porch planning a 20-mile hike and bivouac for the troops when a boy delivered a telegram to him. He read slowly, "Greetings from the Lydia Pinkham Hotel for Women—"

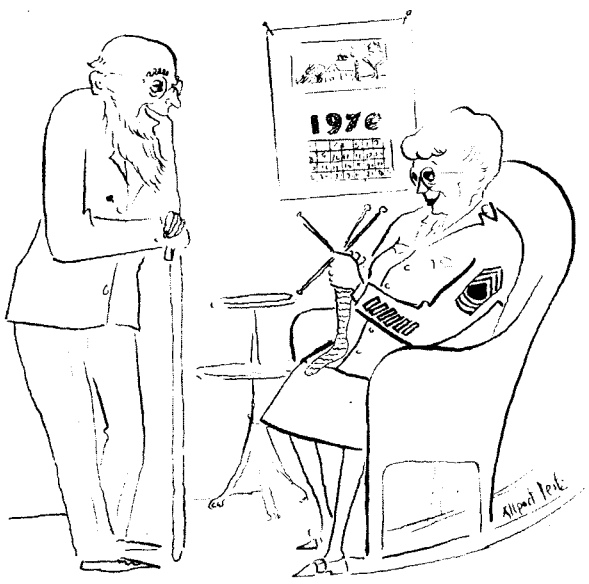
When he had finished reading the telegram, Julian smiled as if he had just been promoted to captain. "I'm in, I'm in," he shouted. "I must leave as soon as I can get my bags packed."

A few days later Julian stood next to a marble pillar and surveyed the hotel lobby. Everything was in tip-top shape. The brass was shined, the gaboons were all lined up in order. He picked a small piece of lint from the sleeve of his powder-blue uniform. He was proud of the uniform, with its short, form-fitting jacket and red stripe on the trousers.

A whistle blew softly, and Julian rushed over to the elevators. The bellboys and elevator operators had already formed in two ranks. Julian faced them. "Fall in," he shouted. The clicking of heels was ragged and his face twisted into a frown of contempt. "That's no way to start close-order drill. You men are going to get transferred to the kitchen if you don't watch out." After a brief pause for effect, he continued, "Drill will be held in the garage today. We shall also have a critique of the manner in which we handled the banquet of the Daughters of the American Revolution."

As the platoon of bellhops marched off down the hall, Julian belched. It was a satisfied belch, the belch of a man who had found his place in the world.

—Pfc. J. C. STODOLA



"Never mind the hashmarks, you'll always be a sweet recruit to me!"
—Sgt. Edith Allport Lestz, Truax Field, Wis.

LAMENT FOR SOME AMERICAN WOMEN

We have no issues to face,
No great decisions to make.
No life and death dice to cast.
No burning hope and in a sense
No goal but to live
Until the war is past.
And when it's done, we will not know.
In the same ignorance we will go
Down the same roads, riding musty-
Smelling buses, lying stiff and patient
In the summer sun, blushing
In well-preserved shame at the same joke
And in the end
Weeping softly for the days lost,
The work not done. . . .

Moore Gen. Hosp., N. C. —Pfc. GLORIA MARCHISIO

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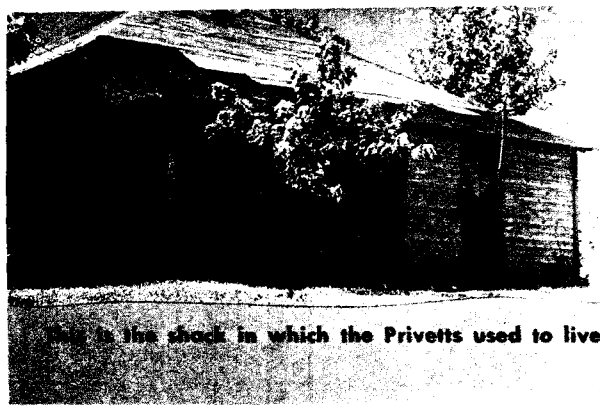

This is the shack in which the Privetts used to live.

War Memorial

The people of Blytheville, Arkansas, knew all about elaborate monuments like the one in St. Louis, but they hit on something different to keep alive the memory of their war dead. Theirs is a living memorial, a community experiment in understanding.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

BLYTHEVILLE, ARK.—When the men of the 5th Division smashed into Verdun last summer, one of the first patriots to greet them was old Louis Cornet, caretaker of the world-famous Douamont memorial to the French dead of the last war. Later, M. Cornet took some of the 5th's men through the impressive structure on the battlefield just outside the city. He showed them the marble corridors and crypts, the golden windows, the chapel and towers. Then M. Cornet came out with a remark that sounded curious, coming from him.

"This is probably the most beautiful memorial in the world," he said sadly, "but what good is the beautiful marble today to the hungry and homeless descendants of these dead? They cannot even live here. The marble is too cold."

This was a Frenchman speaking, but the thought seems to be confined to no one country. In the U. S., the Wisconsin legislature has passed a resolution urging practical war memorials this time instead of the occasionally handsome but useless stone ones so common after the last war. William Mather Lewis, president of Lafayette College in Easton, Pa., calls for "memorials like hospital beds, medical research projects, perpetual scholarships in institutions of higher learning, playgrounds, community halls, crippled children's clinics, music foundations and others which will properly immortalize the country's heroes."

Some American towns have already built playground and recreation centers in the name of their dead of the second World War. In Denver, Colo., there will be a $3,000,000 war-memorial hospital. Cities in Britain and Russia are building memorial colleges and libraries.

But it remained for the people of this small Arkansas town to think up one of the simplest, most human and moving tributes of all.

Blytheville's tribute is to the memory of Pfc. J. C. (Jake) Privett, killed last winter in Luxembourg during the Battle of the Bulge.

Jake Privett was a 37-year-old Infantryman who had a little garage on Division Street before the war and at one time or another had fixed a car for nearly everybody in Blytheville. He had a wife and eight kids—the eldest, Billy Gene, is now 13—living in a rickety old four-room shack. When he was drafted, he worried plenty about his family.

Jake worried even more when he came home on his last furlough in August 1944. Finally, he went over to see his old friend, Jodie Nabers, a tall, kindly, thin-faced veteran of the last war, who ran a grocery store in Jake's neighborhood. Jodie was just about ready to close for the day when Jake drove up.

"Drive downtown with me, Jodie," Privett said. "I want to talk to you."

"Sure thing," Jodie said. And he got into Privett's car.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," Jake said after a while, "and I wonder if you'll make me a promise."

"What is it, Jake?" Jodie asked.

"Well," said Privett, "if my allotment checks come in late, will you give my wife the groceries on credit for a while? And if they need a man's advice, will you do what you can for them?"

"Sure thing," Jodie said.

Then Jake said suddenly, "Listen, you made me this promise. Maybe you don't know what I mean. It may be for a long time. It may be forever."

"I know what you mean, Jake," Jodie said. "But take it easy, son. Don't you go away feeling like that."

"I can't make it," Privett said. "I know I can't make it."

Six months later, on February 5, the telegram came. Billy Gene brought it over to Jodie's place around noontime, and after Jodie had read it, he had to close the store for the rest of the day.

Jodie did what he could for the Privett family, but he kept thinking about Jake. Occasionally someone would say to him, "What a shame that a guy with a wife and eight kids had to go," and Jodie would feel even more troubled than before. For three weeks he tried to figure out what he could do. Then he had to go to St. Louis on business. It was while he was looking at the big war memorial there that the idea came to him.

"How many children," he said to himself, "could be fed and educated with the money that went into this memorial?"

The idea stuck in his mind, and he mentioned it in the Glencoe Barber Shop in Blytheville when he got back the next day. There were 10 other men in the shop at the time.

"Suppose," Jodie said, "that we took the money we were all going to give to raise a monument for the war heroes of Blytheville and bought a house for Jake Privett's family instead?"

Without his saying another word, the 10 men dug down into their pockets. Each handed Jodie a $5 bill.

From the barber shop Jodie went to the Blytheville *Courier-News* office and talked about his idea to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Norris, editor and city editor respectively, of the local paper. Sam Norris wrote out a check for $25, then called in to the composing room. "We're going to remake page one," he said. Jodie Nabers' idea went into that afternoon's edition.

The first day after the story appeared $287 came in, mostly in dollar bills. Next, Jodie brought up his idea before a meeting of the local American Legion post. One member asked whether it would be fair to the families of other veterans of this war to single out the Privett family for help. Jodie answered, "Help other families, too, when each case comes up. But right now I don't know of any other man with eight kids who has been killed in action. Make your donation. Then go over and visit Rachel Privett and her children. If you're not happy then, I'll give you double your money back."

The Legion gave Jodie a check for $50.

Mrs. Rachel Privett gets her eight kids together for a picture on the sofa of their new house.

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Jodie also talked to the Lions Club at a regular luncheon-meeting at the Hotel Noble. The Lions have a strict rule against collections at their meetings. But after the meeting was adjourned, every member of the club came up to Jodie in the hotel lobby to give him money.

One afternoon Jodie started at one end of Main Street and walked all the way to the other, stopping in at every store. Jodie has a bad leg and can't climb stairs. But when word got round that he was coming, people in offices on upper floors were waiting for him with checks in the ground-floor stores. Jake collected more than $2,000 that afternoon.

The same day Jodie went into a pool room for the first time in his life. He walked up to the cigar counter to speak to the proprietor. Before he had a chance to say a word, all the men in the place left the pool tables and filed silently past him, dropping their money on the counter. Their contributions came to $87.50.

A church turned over all of a Sunday service collection to the Privett Memorial Fund—$113.15. Wherever Jodie Nabers went, people gave him money for the fund. Poor farmers in the swamps sent their kids walking 15 or 20 miles to his store to turn in 25-cent contributions.

Meanwhile, money poured in by mail to the *Courier-News*. At the end of 10 days, more than $4,000 had come in, and Sam Norris tried to put a stop to the campaign. But newspapers all over the country had picked up the story, and now money was being mailed in from all over the U. S. Some editions of YANK ran the item, and the Middle East edition of *The Stars and Stripes* ran an editorial.

Before long, GIs and sailors in all parts of the world were sending in their dollars and francs and lire and rupees to Blytheville, Ark. The men of an isolated ATC base in the desert came through with $133.84. A 50-year-old sailor in the South Pacific, with two sons in the Navy, gave $10. "This is the sort of thing," he wrote, "that makes an old man like me feel like it's worth going on."

In April, when the collection had come to more than $7,000, Jodie Nabers and Mrs. Sam Norris became a committee of two to find a suitable house to buy. In war-congested Blytheville they faced quite a problem. But on West Ash Street they found a pleasant 10-room, white-frame house that hadn't been occupied in some time. There was plenty of ground around the house and plenty of room inside for the kids.

THE house was in a nice neighborhood only a block from the Baptist church, and a school for the children was only two blocks away. Mrs. Privett could live here quite comfortably on the $200 a month she received from the Government in pension and insurance benefits.

Jodie and Mrs. Norris made Max B. Reid, a lawyer, a third member of the committee, and he closed the sale of the house. An architect, U. S. Branson, became the committee's fourth member. Completely redesigning the house, Branson got kitchen cabinets built in, a lot of repartitioning done, an automatic hot-water system installed, a new concrete walk and steps laid in front of the house, closets put in every room, new oak floors for the entire house and a new bathroom to handle the overflow of small-fry Privetts.

But a lot of things were still needed. And again the people of the town offered their spontaneous help. Furniture was given. Someone sent over a playground unit for the kids. The plumbers of Blytheville kicked in with a complete new plumbing system. Electricians gave $262 worth of services. Every one of the 18 members of the Painters' Union, Local 1264, contributed $50 worth of labor, and inside of a few days the 10-room house had been entirely repainted, inside and out.

One day the county Farm Extension man, Keith Bilbree, came over to talk with Mrs. Privett. He asked her about the kinds of vegetables she and the children liked. The next afternoon he showed up at the new house with a contingent of kids from the Future Farmers of America. They set in to work and within a week a vegetable garden had been planted in the 50 x 100-foot lot alongside the house.

A short time later Blytheville's scoutmaster, Warren Jackson, showed up with a detail of Boy Scouts and got the peach and pear and apple trees into shape. About the same time 50 chickens mysteriously appeared in the chicken yard.

Screens, rugs, lamps, bedspreads and shades were given by Blytheville housewives. Mrs. Norris and Mrs. Marie Pollard spent three days sweeping and cleaning the rooms and arranging the furnishings. Old Willie Dickens helped with the heavy work.

By midsummer the house was ready for occupancy, down to the last bath towel in the bathrooms and a copy of the *Reader's Digest* on the living-room table.

Then Blytheville held a brief, informal ceremony. Hundreds of people from miles around gathered on the shady lawn on West Ash Street. The Calvary Baptist minister, the Rev. P. H. Jernigan, made a little speech. He said: "It was love that built this house."

Max Reid gave Mrs. Privett the deed. He said simply, "This house is donated by your fellow citizens in grateful recognition of your husband's services." Jodie Nabers handed Mrs. Privett the key to her new home. He didn't say anything at all.

Afterwards, the townspeople—820 of them—walked through the house, looking at the furnishings and marveling at what had come about. The Privett kids played on the swings and read comic books in the backyard. Ten-year-old Patty Jean, a redhead, fed the chickens. Eight-year-old J. C. Privett, Jr., got a bellyache from eating green pears off the tree behind the kitchen window. One-year-old Linda slept in the hammock.

Mrs. Privett sat on the front porch. She sat there crying.

This is the 10-room house that Blytheville gave to Mrs. Privett as a memorial to her husband.

The Privett kids swing and see-saw in a playground unit donated by a neighbor along with the house.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

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This Week's Cover

IN the shell-scarred Rizal Stadium, Manila, American troops enjoy a Saturday afternoon at a ball game. For more of Sgt. Dick Hanley's baseball pictures, turn to page 22.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 2—Sgt. Rudolph Sanford. 3—Sgt. Eugene Kammerman. 4 & 5—Sanford. 6—PA. 7—Sgt. John Frano. 10—Lower right, Acme; others, Signal Corps. 11—Sgt. Roger Wrenn. 12—Sgt. George Aarons. 13—Upper, Aarons; lower, Sgt. Ralph Stein. 16 & 17—Sgt. Sy Friedman. 20—RKO-Radio. 22—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 23—Sgt. Arthur Weithas.

Mail Call

Joe, Tommy and Ivan

Dear YANK:

From time to time there appears the somewhat fervent lament that the only way to get a real peace out of this war would be to let Joe, Tommy and Ivan, the doughboys who are fighting it, get together and dictate the peace terms. I refer to the expressions of opinion as "laments" for the reason that every one of them is pregnant with the idea that such a thing can never happen, that the men who know what it is to fight a war will never have the opportunity to exert their influence to avert another one.

Yet all the discussions concerning organizations for veterans of this war have been from the somewhat narrow point of view of our own nation. They have all dealt with such things as soldiers' benefits and veterans' rights. Not a one that I have seen has suggested an international veterans' organization whereby Tommy, Joe and Ivan can exert their influence on an international scale to the end that the things that they are fighting for today do not become empty and meaningless phrases of Versailles and the League of Nations.

Right now the most influential factor in international affairs is the United Nations soldier, armed with rifle and bayonet, who is carving on the battlefronts of the world a victory for lasting peace and international goodwill. This same soldier, armed with a ballot and an organization to keep him informed on the trends of international politics, an organization through which he can voice his opinion in the halls of international government, can continue to be a vital influence on world affairs.

At present, the least that any of us are putting into international relations is a few of the best years of our lives. Some of us are giving up life, health and sanity in addition. In my opinion, if we go home and forget about the rest of the world, limit our interests and activities to the purely national scene, we can consider these sacrifices as a total waste, a job well-started but an unfinished project. If we concern ourselves wholly with an organization dealing with problems of veterans' compensation and rehabilitation and neglect to weld ourselves into an influential pressure group on the international scene, we are not completing the job we started and in so doing are leaving a hole in the foundation of a peaceful world—a hole through which the tides of international dissent and ill-feeling may swell to bring on another world struggle and to bring our sons to write another bloody chapter in the book which we have started but not yet finished.

It is imperative that we should not allow our present union of efforts on the battlefield to dissolve into mutual indifference with regard to each other and with regard to the world at large. In order to avoid such dissolution and in order to preserve our identity when we voice our opinions, we should form an organization, an organization whereby we can keep a finger on the pulse of world affairs and through which we can make our voices heard in the house of international government. I for one am anxious to learn of any such international veterans' association as may be organizing today, and if there are none I am more than willing to listen to anyone who has a concrete and constructive program to offer.

France —Capt. M. MONROE

Postwar Conscription

Dear YANK:

The question of postwar compulsory one-year military training pops up all along. From everyday conversations it appears to me that more than 70 percent of the soldiers want some sort of a program. But, there seems to be the feeling that the Army system should be improved for that training.

A much finer-toothed comb should be used in selecting leader material.

A period of entry should be so regulated as to give the least interruption to the man's rights of the pursuit of life.

We don't want it thrown at our brothers, children or friends as it hit us.

Perhaps there should be an increase in tuition—free academies which can train men over a long period of time to be good officers and at the same time study for a normal-life industrial trade or profession. An increased ROTC could turn out better qualified leaders than mass production under straining requirements such as the officers candidate schools had to meet.

As for interruption of life, the most logical suggestion I have heard has been to set an age deadline of say 21, permitting the prospective trainee to enter his one year of service between the age of 16 and the deadline at which he will automatically be inducted. Thus, he can plan his life. Many would like to work the year in between high school and college.

Physical disability exemptions should be very few. Those incapable of keeping up with a heavy program can have special training in service troops. Don't put a penalty on good health.

Italy —T-5 PERRY E. HADDER

Dear YANK:

. . . All the government would need to do would be to offer a college education to anyone who qualifies if he would join the Army or the Navy for four years. If decent uniforms were provided there would be no difficulty in getting the necessary enlistments.

With this plan the government would have an uninterrupted flow of college-trained Army and Navy men available at all times. It would be a great advantage to have all the rated men, in the Army or Navy, college graduates. Nine months of the year could be devoted to schooling, both academic and military, two months to actual maneuvers, and one month of furlough.

Pacific —GEORGE CONKLIN S1c

Dear YANK:

. . . The issue of mandatory service in peacetime is more than just the passage of a new law. It is a threat to the freedom of the American citizen. In wartime the nation comes first. It is not good to make the government all important at all times for then the freedom of individuals is sacrificed for the good of the state. This is not the way our country was designed by its founders. America is supposed to be a land of free citizens with the greatest possible degree of individual liberty.

Is it freedom to have every able-bodied youth grabbed by the Army at a certain age and made to become a soldier, regardless of his ambitions and plans for a career? That's the way it's done in Germany and Japan. Are they good models to copy from?

We shouldn't stand by and see a law pushed through under cover of the turmoil of war, which will possibly endanger our whole future way of life.

Military schools and ROTC colleges can be increased if necessary, and military training should by all means be kept on the voluntary basis. Also our Regular Army strength could be maintained at a higher level in peacetime.

Southwest Pacific —Pfc. FRED SNYDER

Solder for Bugles

Dear YANK:

Just in case Sgt. F. Caccioppoli, the bugler, doesn't get a bugle here is a little tip for him.

His bugle, being plastic, is still repairable. Tell him to get a soldering iron and go to work on it. A direct application of heat at any crack or break will fuse the material at that point very neatly. Any roughness will clean up with a smooth file and sand paper and leave a finish as good as new.

I received a letter of commendation from the Navy for this idea but it doesn't look like it has gotten around to the ones who can use it.

Del Monte, Calif. —DARRELL LA ZOR S1c

Sweating Texas

Dear YANK:

I am puzzled.

I am getting foreign service credit but not 20 percent for service here in Texas. I got the 20 percent but no foreign service credit for three years of soldiering in Hawaii.

Those are two angles of my "unadjusted" service rating which seemed straight enough when the plan was announced May 12.

At that time a little simple addition revealed that I had 116 points. I was top man in the battalion. I was even willing to yield five points I had given myself for a battle that I wasn't sure of.

Then our personnel unit went to work on my column of figures. They quickly pared my neat total down to 75—I didn't get the five points for the doubtful battle star and 36 points representing three

". . . . for algebra."

—Cpl. Tom Flannery

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years' service in Hawaii were blithely trimmed away.

The reason? They said I was a Hawaiian.

That is not altogether true. I am willing to concede that I was for a year, or 12 points worth, but no more.

Here's the story:

When I enlisted in Honolulu on Dec. 10, 1940, I was 18 years old and my mother was residing there. However, she returned to California a year later and still resides there.

I argue that since I was a minor at the time, my legal residence became Hollywood, California.

Figuring this way and knocking off the battle star I wasn't entitled to, I still would have 98 points.

But to date, I, who was born in Darien, Conn., and lived until I was 14 in Hollywood, and voted as a resident of Hollywood, am in the eyes of the Army a Hawaiian.

And that's not all.

I went to New Guinea in April 1944, and returned to the States in December 1944, having been stationed here at Camp Wolters since my return. To be consistent I should have eight months foreign service credit but I have received 12.

The only answer I can dope out for this is that I've been getting foreign service credit for time in Texas. I know a lot of GIs here who think they are entitled to same but I never heard of anyone else who got it.

That's my case and here I sit sweating it out and you sure can sweat in Texas.

Camp Wolters, Texas —T-5 ROGER B. GIVEN

Hitler's Financiers

Dear YANK:

In all this recent talk about the impending punishment of war criminals, I fail to find any mention of also including those British, Dutch, French and other financiers who bank-rolled Hitler long before he came into power. Perhaps the man who hires a gangster is no longer equally guilty, or maybe those boys didn't know what they were paying for. Or are such actions to be cloaked with a mythical legality? Once that line of reasoning is started, our tribunals will wind up with nothing to show for their efforts but a Van der Lubbe.

India —T-5 R. N. PRIETH

Barracks Bags

Dear YANK:

We are members of a line Infantry company and have been in combat almost continuously since the beginning of the Luzon campaign. Upon being pulled out for our only rest we found that our barracks bags had been looted of not only GI equipment but also personal belongings.

Now, is it not bad enough that front line troops such as we are, who cannot carry our barracks bags with us, must be deprived of these contents even during the short infrequent periods that such troops are allowed to rest? If our suspicions are correct, the guys who are taking this stuff are the fellows who are so far behind that they already travel with almost all the comforts of home, and we feel that the least they could do is leave our stuff alone.

If any of you guys who are reading this feel guilty, remember you are taking stuff from a brother GI.

Philippines —Sgt. EDWARD PASCAL

Dear YANK:

Can't something be done about these barracks bags and duffel bags? We have been living out of them for a long time and I know others have been doing it longer than we have. Why don't they put a zipper down the length of the bag and have the inside made into several large pockets? In that way items could be segregated and would be easier to find. The sides could be reinforced with bamboo slats to keep the bag straight and give it shape when it's zipped.

Philippines —Cpl. M. A. CARLUCCI

Uncredited Hours

Dear YANK:

...Our ATC outfit was originally stationed in the North African theater and accumulated from two to 500 flying hours which entailed varied assignments. We are not complaining about that for it is our duty and a privilege to serve our country to the best of our ability. We were then transferred to the India-China Division of the Air Transport Command.

We were given credit for 65 percent of our flying hours and same applied towards our credit for the required hours needed to complete our "hump" hours. We had completed our "hump" hours and were waiting for our rotation back to the States when a regulation superseding the original one came out and we were advised that no flying hours other than "hump" hours were given credit.

We see no reason why we should be deprived of our hours flown in the North African theater. We feel that there are sufficient radio men in the States to take our places who would welcome the chance to serve.

India —(Name Withheld)

"Lt. Araki? I'm sorry. You just missed him. He stepped out on a banzai charge."

—Sgt. Jack Ruge

Chemist Shortage

Dear YANK:

An article printed in the *Industrial and Engineering Chemistry* magazine deals with the alarming shortage of U. S. chemical technicians. This is only one of the many thousands of articles that have been printed on the same subject.

Many a U. S. scientist, remembering Britain's similiar policy in the last war, has viewed with alarm the drafting of the relatively few chemists to serve as "mere drops in the bucket" on the fighting fronts, while Germany, Russia and once-bitten Britain take pains to maintain their stockpiles of researchers for the future.

To date I am one of approximately 15,000 trained chemists and chemical engineers in the armed forces. Are we serving as chemists and chemical engineers? No, because our services as such are not required in the Army. The majority of us were tossed haphazardly into the Infantry.

It is my firm belief that when discharges are handed out we who have degrees in chemistry along with practical experience in that field should be among the first to be considered as applicants for these discharges. If nothing is going to be done about getting us back into industry where we can keep America's technological strength and supremacy where it belongs, I say America is on the road to scientific bankruptcy.

Italy —Pvt. EARL G. DETERT

Oversight on Points

Dear YANK:

I have noticed all the bitches against the point system and I agree that moving problems have been aired but I am amazed that the most glaring oversight of the system has not been touched upon. No provision has been made for the nearsighted men.

Nearsighted men are definitely handicapped in love and life. They should be let out first so they can grope around and get set up before the normal-sighted veterans come along and push them aside. If you made this clear to the GIs, I'm sure they would agree that nearsighted men be given the first chance. A fair system would be 50 points for each 20-100 of defective vision. As an example, a GI like myself with 20-200 vision would have a hundred points. Even though the devisors of the system seem to have been nearsighted in this regard, I am sure it is not too late for their oversight to be corrected.

Pete Field, Colo. —Cpl. EUSTACE MULLINS

EM Only

Dear YANK:

After spending two-and-a-half years in this area and being in close proximity with officers, we have decided that any organization formed after this war must be strictly for enlisted personnel.

We believe that any benefits we may strive for should be confined to enlisted men due to the fact that officers have had too many privileges during this war including food, pay and liquor. They also have had the companionship of women in this area which was denied the enlisted men.

If this caste system has been so strong during the war I cannot see why they should be permitted to join the same organization. The reason they will desire too is because of our numerical strength and the power we will have in lobbying for legislation to benefit the veteran. Therefore any benefits we seek should be for enlisted men and women. The officers have already received their reward in pay and many of them will be independent for the rest of their lives.

South Pacific —Sgt. L. M.*

*Also signed by six others.

High IQ, Low KP

Dear YANK:

Drag forth ye olde weeping post; shake out yon tear-sodden towel. This glorified yardbird hereby registers his sober intention to bivouac on *Mail Call's* gripe-grounds. He solemnly attests his thorough familiarity with all phases of Army snafudom. Yea, verily, he has been subjected to aforesaid military eccentricities, inefficiencies and just plain chicken-excrements for just a few hours short of 903 days.

With patience has he conducted himself, in subservience, through countless, harrowing hours. Admirably has he withstood the agonies heaped on his unbowed pate and silently has he endured the scurrilous oaths and vile invectives which were his bitter lot during these insufferable servile tasks and menial duties.

Is—he inquires to plaintive accent—an I.Q. of 150 too intelligent for anything save latrine duty, KP, etc. et al. and ad nauseam? At this late stage of the game, he expects no remedy: just a reasonable explanation would be satisfactory. Liberation—deliverance from the military yoke—is his only wish and hope. Following his emancipation, he solemnly vows, in case of matrimonial prospects resulting in a junior edition, never to raise his boy to be a soldier. And should some forces of evil again throw us into similar conditions as exist today, he grimly affirms his intention of warping junior's mental capacities to that of moron. Sonny absolutely will not be cursed with a hideous three-figure I.Q. No, sir! A military classification genius would stare incredulously at the boy's 3.2 (super-imbecile) score, look up in awe and reverently hand the lad a tech or master sergeant's stripes, softly uttering: "Wonderful! You exceed my I.Q. rating by over .9—please accept these here for a couple days until we can locate a couple of eagles." Thus, junior shall triumph where his old man once ignominiously failed!

Hopefully, the embittered veteran, of infamous deeds a victim, awaits the receipt of the Order of Gnashed Teeth or, perhaps, some piteous comrade-in-arms may even tender the Cluster-of-the-Vale-of-Tears. Well, anyway, a gripe-stripe.

Philippines —Pfc. JOSEPH V. TATORIS

Heroism Award

Dear YANK:

In connection with the awards for heroism to the B-29 crew which shot down 11 Japanese planes over the Jap homeland and then crashed into the sea, I would like to ask a question.

If I read correctly, the pilot, who was a major, received the Congressional Medal of Honor while the crew only received the Silver Star. Why?

The way I look at the deed is this: The crew were all or almost all okay, and therefore when their plane was badly damaged could have bailed out and been taken prisoners of war. They didn't, however, but chose to stay and fight, thus contributing as much toward shooting down the planes as did the pilot.

Therefore, what did the pilot do that the other members of the crew didn't to receive a higher award? Lastly, just because he volunteered for the flight I don't think he should receive a higher award. The award, I think, was made not for the flight but for shooting down the planes against overwhelming odds.

San Diego, Calif. —Cpl. LEROY HENRY

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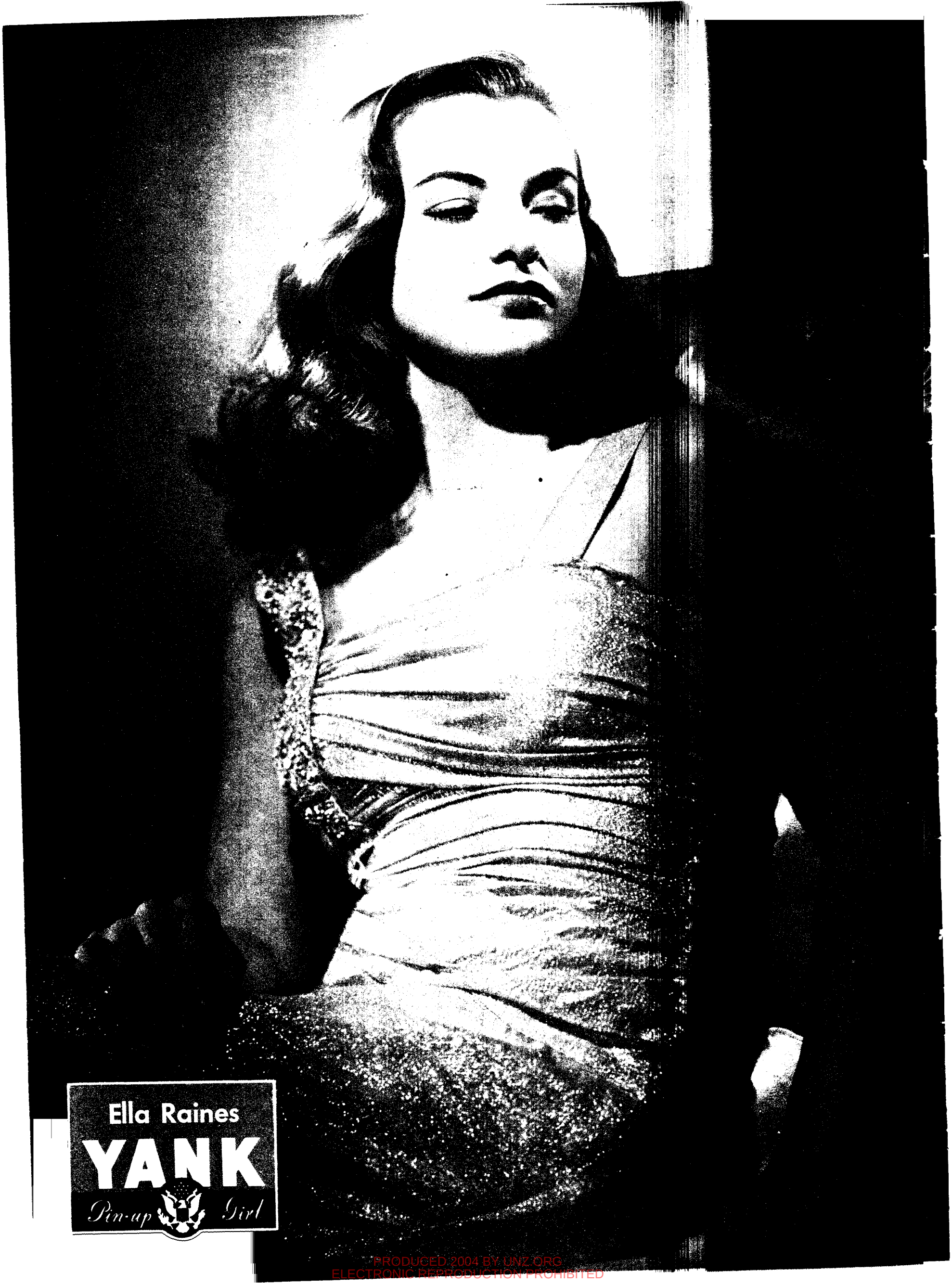

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Navy Notes

The Honorable (Battleship) Discharge is awarded to those whose final rating is at least 3.0 in proficiency and 3.25 in conduct who have not been convicted by a General Court Martial or more than one Summary C.M. Until recently this discharge was reserved for those who served to the end of their enlistment (duration plus six), but it has since been extended to include discharges for convenience of the Government, man's own convenience, dependency, under-age, over-age, medical survey (not due to misconduct) and disability whether or not in line of duty. When disability is the result of action against an enemy, proficiency and conduct-rating marks may be disregarded. Personnel previously discharged "Under Honorable Conditions" who deserve the "Battleship" Discharge under the changed ruling may apply to BuPers to change their certificate.

The Under Honorable Conditions Discharge is given to those whose final rating is below 3.0 in proficiency or 3.25 in conduct or those who have been convicted by General Court Martial or more than one Summary C.M., or by reason of disability due to own misconduct, or for unsuitability or inaptitude. It is in the honorable class; for anything less, there are three yellow tickets in the bottom drawer—the "Undesirable," "Bad Conduct" and "Dishonorable" discharges.

THE NAVY has announced a simple point system by which it expects to discharge approximately 30,000 older officers and enlisted men this year. The plan establishes a point credit only for age and length of service and none for dependency, combat or decorations. It is not a general demobilization program similar to the point system under which the Army is now discharging 4,000 troops per day, but rather a means of replacing with younger recruits older men not fitted for general service.

Under the plan, which also affects the Coast Guard, one point will be given for each four months of active duty since September 1, 1939. This score will be added to a man's age to determine his total score. For most officers and men, 53 points will be necessary for release. In some categories where there is still a shortage of personnel the required total score will be higher. Reserve officers of the Supply Corps will need 55 points; reserve officers of the Civil Engineer Corps will need 57.

Several classes will not be eligible at all for the time being. These include enlisted men of the regular Navy whose enlistments have not expired, officers of the regular Navy (except temporary officers with permanent enlisted status), members of the Medical, Dental and Chaplain Corps, and anyone declared and proved essential by his CO.

Applications must be submitted individually to commanding officers and there may be a delay in their approval up to three months within the U. S. and six months overseas. This is to permit time to acquire and train effective replacements.

The Navy estimated that the plan would make eligible for release this year about 19,000 enlisted men, 10,000 commissioned and warrant officers of the line, 1,000 Engineer Corps officers, and 600 Supply Corps officers. The plan may be amended from time to time in the light of experience and as personnel shortages are overcome.

The minimum discharge age of an officer on active duty since September 1, 1939, under this system, is 36; for an inductee in the first draft call it is 39. It has not been revealed whether this system will be extended after the war for general demobilization or whether another system similar to the Army's will be developed.

Marine Corps Point System. The point system just announced by the Navy for discharge of older personnel will not apply to the Marine Corps. So far there has been no official announcement of any point system for the Marines. However, the following memorandum from USMC Air Station, Cherry Point, N. C., dated 8 July 1945 may or may not indicate how the Marines intend to handle this problem:

MEMORANDUM 67-45 U.S. Marine Corps, Discharge therefrom, Point System.

1. Enlisted personnel desiring discharge may apply for same only under the conditions set forth herewith:
   (a) Said applicant must have a total of 100 points or more in order to qualify for discharge.
   (b) The application must be accompanied by the enforcing signature of the Commander-in-Chief, all members of Congress, the applicant's commanding general, his wife, mother-in-law, and all legitimate offspring.
2. The aforesaid point system will be computed according to the following schedule:
   (a) One point for each 4-years' enlistment performed overseas.
   (b) One point for each participation in five major campaigns.
   (c) One point for each Purple Heart received.
   (d) One point for each group of 10 children.
   (e) One point for each lady friend (the term, "lady friend," does not include gooks, spooks or any other tropical or sub-tropical article).
   (f) One point may be awarded for each participation in any of the following named engagements: 1) Boxer Rebellion. 2) Spanish-American War. 3) Battle of Bull Run. 4) Boston Tea Party. 5) Engagement with the Tripoli Pirates.
3. Deceased persons may apply only in the event that proof is offered to the effect that the party in question has no special aptitude which can be used to full advantage or in any other way utilized by the Marine Corps. (Any violation of this ruling will result in immediate Court Martial of the applicant.)
4. Any member of the Corps who has lost all his extremities due to enemy action will be taken into consideration under certain extenuating circumstances. However, due to the laxity shown in this case, the applicant will be passed on by a special board of review to be set up immediately upon the completion of the present conflict.
5. Also, in order to qualify, the applicant must have at least 32 teeth, have been awarded four (4) Good Conduct Medals and carry the Order of the Bath, Congressional Medal of Honor, and be a member in good standing in the Royal Order of the Buffalo. Then, if his commanding general sees fit to dispense with his services, he may upon request file application for discharge.
6. Any applicant who in the past 25 years has had cause to report to sick bay automatically becomes disqualified for discharge unless his ailment was such as to cause his demise.

BY COMMAND OF LT. GEN. THOMPLIN.

USS Concrete. This title no longer may be used as the facetious designation of a Navy office building as it may be confused with one of the units of the Navy's "crockery fleet," a flotilla made up entirely of concrete ships, built to conserve steel and bearing names such as *USS Quartz*.

The "Green Dragons," as they are known to Navy men, are not as efficient as wood or steel ships and they can't take sharp impacts such as bumping against piers and lighters. They were introduced during the first World War and were received with some scorn, but improvements have been made in their construction and they now serve as floating supply depots in mobile bases in the western Pacific.

The faster cargo and provision ships make the run out to the advanced base where they transfer their cargo to the crockery fleet, enabling them to return immediately to the U. S. for another load without awaiting piecemeal discharge of their cargo.

Other concrete ships are being used as floating ice cream parlors for smaller ships such as DEs, minesweepers, submarine chasers, tugs and small landing craft which previously had no access to ice cream.

Dredgings. Destroyers, screening the main forces, have been taking the brunt of beating by suicide planes. The Japs, winging south from Kyushu, would go after the first ships they sighted instead of continuing on to richer hunting grounds. At last the skipper of a well-battered can became discouraged. The ship's sign painter was summoned and half an hour later a huge red sign was unfurled for all approaching Japs to see: TASK FORCE 58 TWENTY-FIVE MILES STRAIGHT AHEAD. WHY STOP HERE?

■ Younger and less experienced enlisted men who wish to become naval aviators have an opportunity for college training and a chance for a commission under the Naval Aviation Preparatory Program. To qualify, the candidate should be under 20, unmarried and agree to remain so until commissioned, have a rating no higher than S1c, be a high-school graduate, and have a high score on the General Classification test. Application should be made to the CO under the terms of BuPers Circular Letter No. 179-45.

■ Over 713 German submarines were sunk by the Allies during the European war, at least 151 of them by American forces, and the score undoubtedly goes higher because of the policy of requiring definite proof of a sinking before credit is given. During the last weeks of that war Germany made a frantic gamble, throwing a formidable pack of U-boats into the Atlantic with orders to blanket the East Coast of the U. S. It didn't work.

■ Comdr. James J. Tunney, the former heavyweight champ, has completed his mission as Officer in Charge of the Navy's physical fitness program and has been returned to inactive duty.

—DONALD NUGENT Sp(X)3c

THAT hunk of sophistication over at the left hardly looks like it came from Snoqualmie Falls, Wash., population 752. But that it did, just 24 years ago. The name is Ella Raines and she is 5 feet 5, weighs 110, has brown hair, green eyes and an acting ability that is getting her to the top of the Hollywood heap. Recent pictures: RKO-Radio's "Tall in the Saddle" and Universal's "Uncle Harry."

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Signs on the back wall of the field show where home runs have been knocked over the fence in past games. The one shown here was made by Lou Gehrig in 1934.

Baseball in Manila

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Glee of the 37th Division band play "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" between innings.

A knothole gang, Filipino style, gets a good view of the game.

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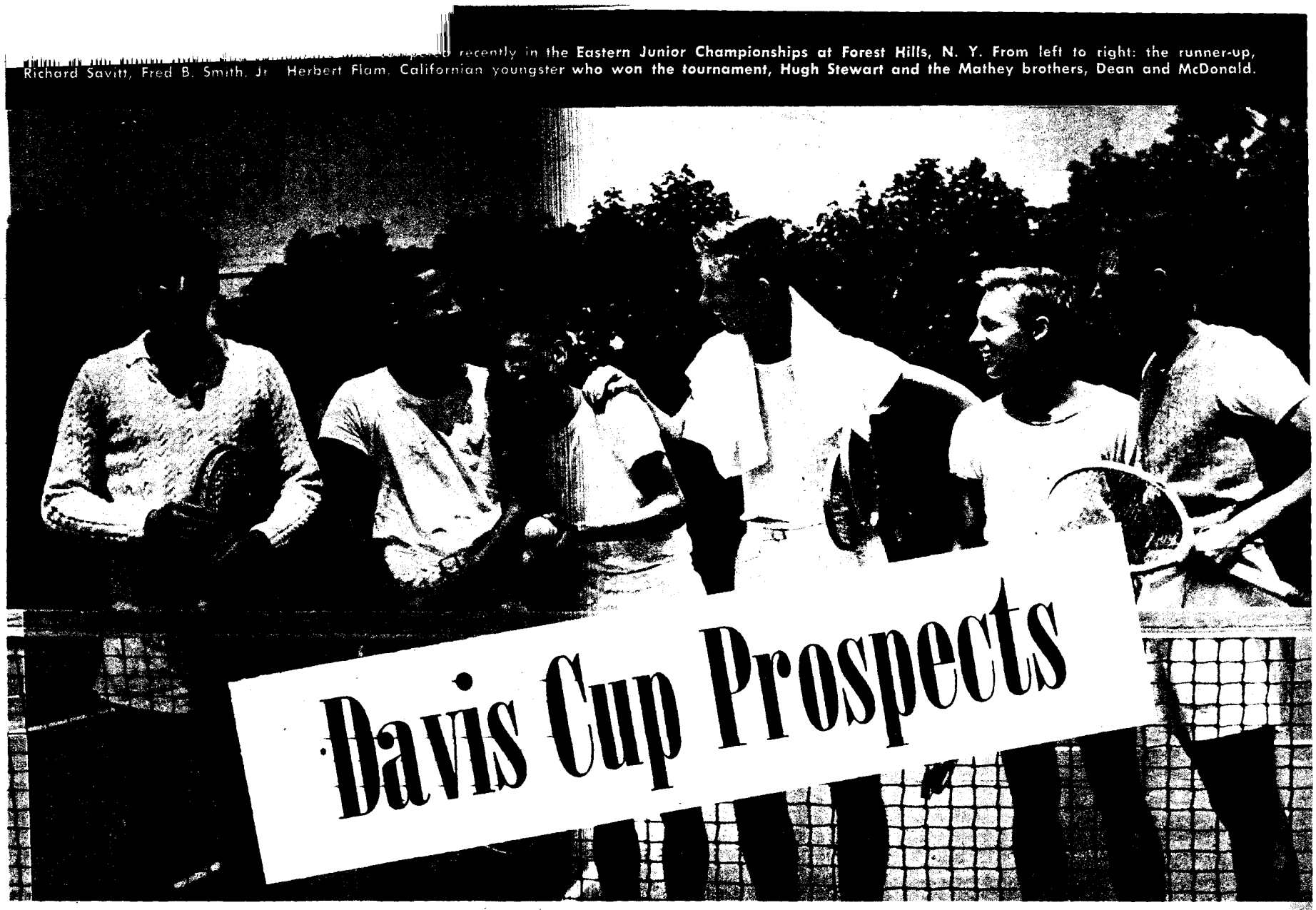

Richard Savitt, Fred B. Smith, Jr., Herbert Flam, Californian youngster who won the tournament, Hugh Stewart and the Mathey brothers, Dean and McDonald.

Davis Cup Prospects

By Sgt. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Writer

FOR most people back home the end of the war will mean the return of tenderloin steak, gasoline, imported sardines, War Bond investments, Madeleine Carroll, Bob Feller, Caribbean cruises, Labor Day week ends, real estate salesmen, Wrigley's chewing gum, beer cans, James Stewart, silk stockings, oil burners, electric refrigerators, polite waiters, hair pins, sons, fathers and husbands. For the United States Lawn Tennis Association, however, it will mean more than anything else the return of America to international Davis Cup competition.

The last time the Davis Cup was up on the block we were represented by a team that consisted of Bobby Riggs, Joe Hunt, Frank Parker and Jack Kramer. That was in 1939, just before the outbreak of the European war brought international tennis to a standstill. For the sake of the record, the U. S. contingent was beaten in the finals by Australia, three matches to two.

The only players from the 1939 team who will be available for Davis Cup play after the war will be Kramer, now an ensign in the Navy, and Parker, who is a sergeant in the Army stationed in the Pacific. Riggs, also with the Army in the Pacific, turned professional before he was inducted. Joe Hunt was killed while he was flying for the Navy.

The USLTA people, sweating out the next American Davis Cup lineup, also figure on such experienced prewar hands as Ted Schroeder, Lt. Don McNeill, Lt. Gardner Mulloy, Elwood Cooke and Bill Talbert. The team may also include a couple of players you've never heard of. If so, it is a safe bet that these new players will be products of the USLTA replacement training system known as the Junior Davis Squad.

The Junior Davis Cup program is directed by a committee consisting of Dr. S. Ellsworth Davenport, Major James H. Bishop of Culver Military Academy and Alrick Man, who acts as general manager and non-playing captain of the squad. Every year the committee selects six or 10 youngsters from various sections of the country and brings them East during the season of big-time tournaments. That gives them an opportunity to play against and to watch the best competition and to get a few weeks of intensified coaching from top-ranking players. Man, a former tournament player now in the real estate business on Long Island, arranges transportation for the kids, wrangles them invitations to spare rooms in the homes of tennis enthusiasts and sees to it that they put in the required hours of practice instead of goofing off on the clubhouse porch or getting into too many sets of mixed doubles.

When you ask Man about the young tennis prospects who have come up since we've been away, he mentions Herbert Flam, Hugh Stewart and Henry Fister from California, Buddy Behrens from Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Edward Ray and Bernard Bartzen from Texas, Fred Burton Smith, Jr., Richard Savitt and the Mathey brothers, McDonald and Dean. He says that Charles W. Oliver of Perth Amboy, N. J., who ranked eighth in the men's national singles list last year, is the best Eastern prospect.

"As usual, the best ones keep coming from California," he says. "Just like all the best ones in recent years—Vines, Budge, Mako, Stoefen. It's not only the California weather, which lets them play all the year around. The competition out there is stiffer and the people in back of tennis in California give young talent all possible encouragement. They see to it that a promising kid gets good instruction and plays against the best older men.

"The outstanding youngster in the American tennis picture right now is Jinx Falkenberg's brother, Bob. He's in the Army now. I think he can make the next Davis Cup team easily, even though he'll be competing against more experienced players like Schroeder, McNeill, Mulloy and Cooke. He was the No. 1 junior and the No. 6 senior ranking U. S. player last season. This layoff in the Army won't hurt him. He has a sound game fundamentally and it won't take him long to regain his form."

Lloyd Budge, the famous teaching professional who developed his own brother, Don, into a national champion, has been watching Man's Junior Davis Cuppers at work recently at the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, N. Y. He thinks that the only real Davis Cup prospect in the current cycle of replacements is Behrens, who has won two national boys' titles.

"Buddy is only 15 years old but I saw him take a set from Francesco Segura, the South American, in Florida last winter," Budge says. "That's quite an achievement for a boy that age. Segura is one of the best around this year. Behrens has everything my brother Don had at 15 and he hits a harder ball than Don did."

Unfortunately, Behrens and the other Junior Davis Cup recruits are not seeing and playing against the type of tennis on the Big Apple this season that you would call Grade A. Like college football and major league baseball, tournament tennis in the U. S. is far below par as a result of the Selective Service Act. The two best men players serving the ball are Talbert, who has won the National Clay Courts championship, and Cooke, who defeated Sidney B. Wood, Jr., in the finals of the Eastern Clay Courts tournament. The tip-off on the kind of tennis being staged back home is that Wood and Frank Shields are playing semi-final and final matches. Wood and Shields were finalists at Wimbledon 15 and 14 years ago, respectively.

Looking back over the Junior Davis Cuppers developed in the past, Man thinks that the greatest of them was Frank Kovacs, now in a hospital in Camp Lee, Va., after a stretch in the Army in the Southwest Pacific. He is suffering from high blood pressure. The doctors would not permit him to play an exhibition match against Bill Tilden at Camp Lee a while ago.

"I don't believe that even Tilden in his greatest days had a repertoire of strokes like Kovacs," Man says. "But Frank refused to take his tennis seriously. I remember one time after a tournament at the Marion Cricket Club when we were talking and he complained to me because not enough big time players went in for fun. I told him that he'd have to make up his mind either to play tennis for fun or to play it with the intention of becoming the greatest tennis star in the world. He did well but not as well as he should have done because fun was too important to him."

Holcombe Ward, president of the USLTA, once wrote Kovacs the following letter:

"My dear boy: Your deplorable clowning on the court which has marred the current tennis season will not be tolerated in the coming national championships at Forest Hills. We strongly urge you to be serious."

Kovacs replied:

"My dear Mr. Ward: I shall try very hard to be serious on the court during the coming tournament. But something tells me I shall not succeed."

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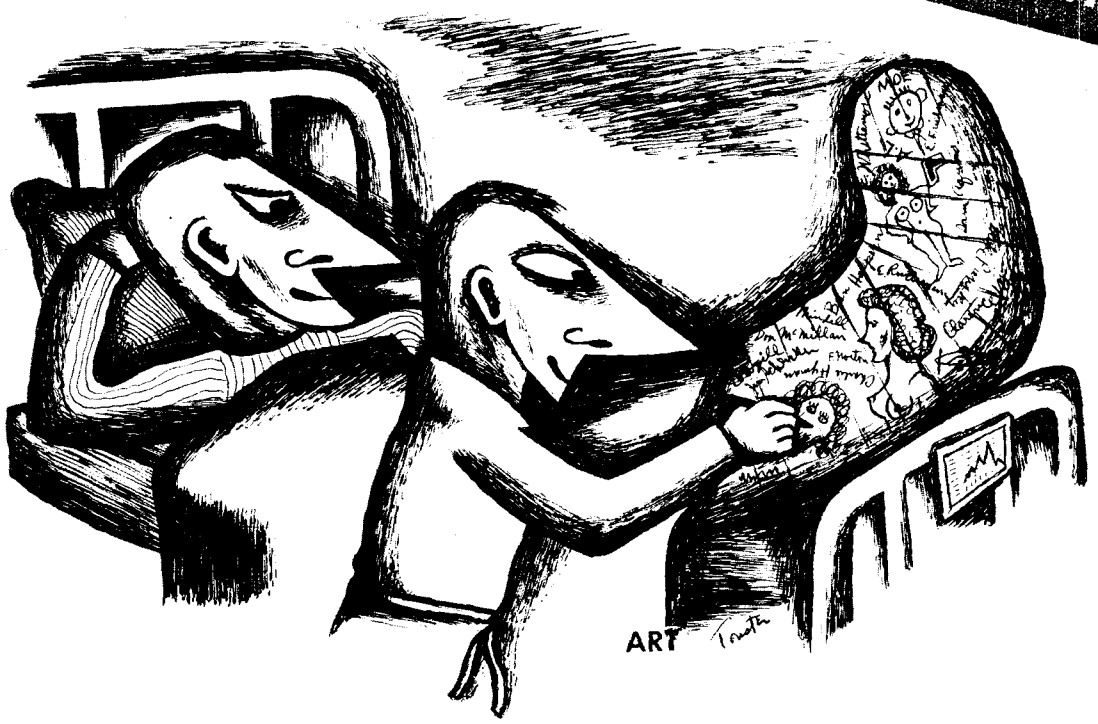
P-38

HERO

TOUSTER on Hospitals

Life in a GI Ward as
Seen by Cpl. Irvin Touster



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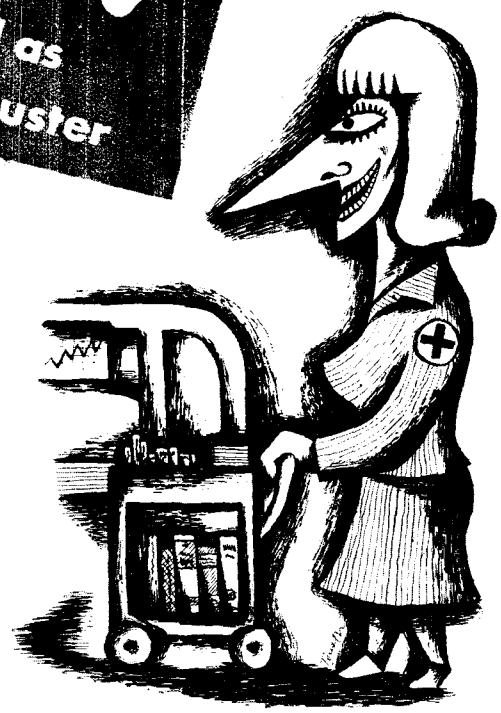

A. R. C.

YANK

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BROWN-NOSE

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